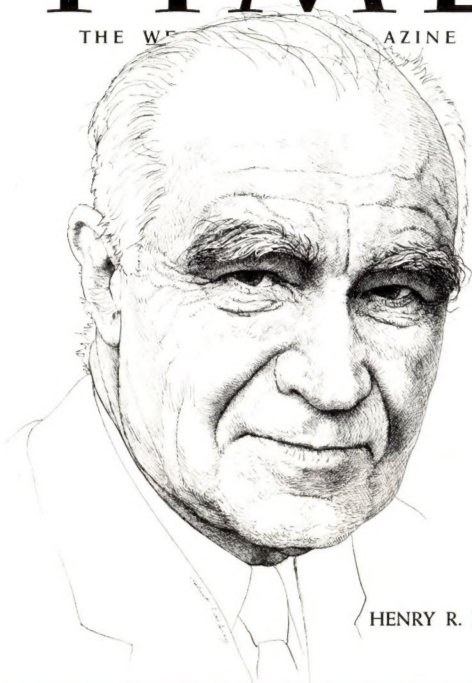


FIFTY CENTS

MARCH 10, 1967

TIME

THE WEEKLY MAGAZINE



HENRY R. LUCE

VOL. 89 NO. 10

ISSUED WEEKLY EXCEPT FOR TWO ISSUES COMBINED



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"I'm a stock broker. Here's one thing I find that smart investors have in common."

"They start out with a specific goal in mind, usually one of these three: growth, income or safety."

Isn't it just a matter of making money?

"That's the idea, of course—to improve yourself financially. But the smart people in the market try to invest to help meet certain objectives they've set for themselves and their families."

But everybody must want growth?

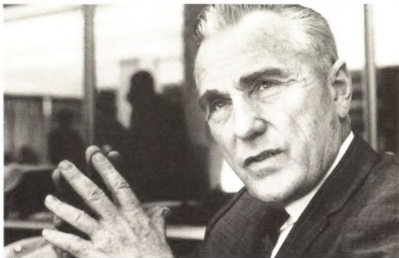
"Of course. The country is growing and they want to grow with it. When we talk about growth as a goal, we mean growth in the value of the stock over a period of time. The investor is willing to leave his money in a stock, to ride over the normal ups and downs of the market, with the idea that his money will grow to help him in later years."

For retirement, for instance?

"Yes. Or to help pay for his children's college. Or take a special kind of vacation. Investing is one way to plan for these things that give you a fuller life."

How can I pick a growth stock?

"If you take the stocks on the New York Stock Exchange as a whole, the record shows that their value has grown with



the country over a period of years. Listed stocks are generally the biggest companies, with proven records. But there's no guarantee that any one stock will grow in any given period. The thing to do is ask your broker for facts and advice, then use your good common sense in estimating a company's prospects."

What if I needed more income to help me over some hurdles now?

"Then your primary goal would be to get a good dividend return, though you would still hope that the value of your stock would grow. More than 500 stocks listed on the Exchange have paid quarterly dividends for 20 years or more without a miss. Preferred stocks or bonds might be other ways to fill your need for a second income."

Where does safety fit in as a goal?

"There's some risk in any investment, securities or anything else. Your circumstances and temperament may suggest a conservative approach. Then you'd look into the relative safety of principal

with good yield that high-grade preferred stocks or bonds might offer."

If a goal is all that important, would you say that's the first thing an investor and broker should talk about?

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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, March 8

ABC WEDNESDAY NIGHT MOVIE (ABC, 9-11 p.m.): The 1961 science-fiction thriller that became a prototype for the current TV serial, *Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea*, starring Joan Fontaine, Walter Pidgeon and Peter Lorre.

THE DANNY KAYE SHOW (CBS, 10-11 p.m.): "Giovanni's Wedding," an original five-act musical based on some of Kaye's earlier sketches about a shy Italian-tailor-come-to-America. Amzie Strickland plays the widow who breaks through Giovanni's shell and gently leads him to the altar.

Thursday, March 9

COLISEUM (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.): Part 2 of "Moscow State Circus," taped in Minsk, with Dinah Shore as hostess. The seven acts include the famed Dudychkau Teeterboard Tumblers, the Potchernikova Bears, the Berikovi Aerial Rockets.

ABC STAGE 67 (ABC, 10-11 p.m.): "Trilogy: The American Boy," three short films that capture the precarious moments of youth entering manhood. *Skaterdater*, an 18-minute Cannes Film Festival Grand Prize winner, careers along on a skateboard; *The River Boy* and *Reflections* move the viewer from a Louisiana bayou boyhood to life in New York City.

Saturday, March 11

N.I.T. BASKETBALL (CBS, 2-4 p.m.): First round of the 30th annual National Invitation Tournament, live from Madison Square Garden.

SHELL'S WONDERFUL WORLD OF GOLF (NBC, 5-6 p.m.): Doug Sanders meets Harold Henning at the Frankfurter Golf Club in Frankfurt am Main, Germany. Gene Sarazen and Jimmy Demaret describe the action.

ABC'S WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS (ABC, 5-6:30 p.m.): Telecast live from Cobo Hall, Detroit, the NCAA Indoor Track and Field Championships.

Sunday, March 12

DISCOVERY '67 (ABC, 11:30 a.m. to noon): Two children of American embassy officials show what life is like for 150 American youngsters living in Moscow. They tour the American embassy, Red Square and the Kremlin Palace, and they discuss their frequently lonely existence in a strange and sometimes hostile land.

THE VINE (NBC, 4-5 p.m.): Although it was filmed mainly in the Holy Land, this life of Christ achieves a new dimension as it ranges from a shell-wrecked battlefield in Viet Nam to a New York City ghetto and a Paris fashion salon.

THE CHILDREN'S FILM FESTIVAL (CBS, 4-5 p.m.): *The Boy with Glasses* is a sensitive Japanese film about a youngster frightened by the prospect of having to wear glasses and his gradual understanding that a person is not judged by appearance alone.

THE 21ST CENTURY (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.): "At Home, 2001." A startling and hopeful look at what modern technology, architecture and city planning promise for the future.

BELL TELEPHONE HOUR (NBC, 6:30-7:30 p.m.): "Toscanini: the Maestro Revisited" commemorates the 100th birthday anniversary.

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sary of Arturo Toscanini with excerpts from symphony telecasts, home movies and comments on his approach to his art by Conductors George Szell, Eugene Ormandy, Erich Leinsdorf and Milton Katims. Harold Schonberg narrates.

ABC SUNDAY NIGHT MOVIE (ABC, 9-11:15 p.m.). *The Hunning* (1963), an icy view of the supernatural at work in a New England mansion under investigation by a team of psychic researchers. Julie Harris, Claire Bloom and Richard Johnson are the ghost wrestlers.

Tuesday, March 14

CBS NEWS SPECIAL (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). A look at wartime changes in the life of Saigon.

In coming weeks check your educational TV stations for:

NET JOURNAL (shown on Mondays). "Schizophrenia—The Shattered Mirror," an hour-long examination of the causes, effects and current treatment for schizophrenia, all covered by leading doctors in the field. The program will focus on a pretty ballet student, recently released from a mental hospital, who walks a tense tightrope as she teeters precariously on the edge of a relapse.

NET PLAYHOUSE (shown on Fridays). "The Battle of Culloden" reconstructs the last battle on British soil, then turns to an examination of its ferocious aftermath.

THEATER

On Broadway

BLACK COMEDY. Borrowing a technique from Chinese theater, Peter Shaffer looses eight characters on a stage that is supposed to be in total darkness. Director John Dexter manipulates them in a fracturingly funny people jam, with Michael Crawford, Geraldine Page and Lynn Redgrave leading the acrobatics.

THE HOMECOMING is both realistic and surreal, on a mythic yet natural plane. And it is most unconventionally conventional. While defying the norms of family and society, the domestic drama by British playwright Harold Pinter is an exercise in instinctual logic. Vivien Merchant and Paul Rogers lead a perfect cast in Peter Hall's pluperfect production.

THE WILD DUCK. Although he was dedicated to candor in human relations, playwright Henrik Ibsen recognized all too clearly that it is kinder to consider what men wish they could be than to deal with them as they are. In its revival of this 1884 play, the APA troupe performs with more precision than passion.

AT THE DROP OF ANOTHER HAT. Sound a bellow with a whisper, match a maharajah with a mouse, mix wit with whimsy, and you have the combination for an evening of charming entertainment by Flanders and Swann.

WALKING HAPPY is the musical version of H. G. Brighouse's quasi classic, *Hobson's Choice*. It introduces British Musicomedian Norman Wisdom to Broadway audiences, and a most pleasant acquaintance he is. While the score is forgettable, Danny Daniels' choreography is fresh and memorable.

Off Broadway

THE RIMERS OF ELDRITCH. Lanford Wilson re-creates the mood and the milieu of a ghost mining town in the Midwest. Fluidly paced by Director Michael Kahn, *Rimers* is really a collection of vignettes that might

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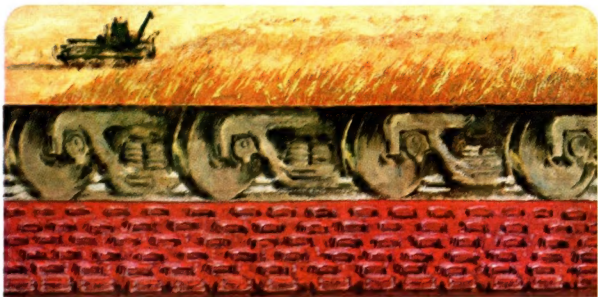
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AMERICA HURRAH. A gifted young playwright, Jean-Claude van Itallie, stirs the waters of the contemporary scene to create dramatic whirlpools as he investigates American life in *Interview*, *TV* and *Motel*.

RECORDS

Ten Hits

BETWEEN THE BUTTONS (London) catches the roughhewn Rolling Stones playing a little old-fashioned ragtime (*Cool, Calm & Collected*), but not before getting to business (*Let's Spend the Night Together*). The jacket photo of the five Stones is blurred at the edges and so is the sound; it keeps unexpectedly sliding a little west of east, without, however, losing a beat. The best song is a dreamy farewell to a mystery girl the Stones call Ruby Tuesday.

IN MY LIFE (Elektra). As the folk scene fades, the folk singers scatter. Judy Collins, one of the best, has not gone far afield to find this mixed bag of songs, some sentimental (including the title number, a sweetmeat from the Beatles), some revolutionary (*Marat Sade*). Her songwriters include Leonard Cohen, a Canadian poet who makes good use of Collins' dark, low voice and powerful delivery; his *Dress Rehearsal Rag* is a five-minute saga of a has-been on "the long way down."

MORE OF THE MONKEES (Colgem). Purists may object to the fact that the Monkees were hand-picked and trained to make money instead of deciding how to do it themselves. But the younger rock 'n' roll fans care nothing for the origin of the species. They have bought the second Monkee LP even faster than the first. It is all there: the early-Beatle beat and the simplistic lyrics ("I promise you the sun is going to shine again"). *I'm a Believer* is the hit of the disk.

GEORGY GIRL (Capitol). The movie's title song was performed by Australia's Seekers, who sing it here along with some of the more lyrical new standards, *Yesterday* and *California Dreamin'*. Old-fashioned melodic and gently harmonic pop singing takes on a strong folk twist in such numbers as *Well, Well, Well* and *Turn, Turn, Turn*. Sweet, sweet, sweet.

CHUCK BERRY'S GOLDEN HITS (Mercury) is a cram course in the origins of today's pop music, going back to *Maybellene* and on to *Roll Over Beethoven*. All were recorded for this album with new arrangements, plenty of old boogie-woogie and the tang of fresh country and western airs. Berry, who virtually invented it, still produces rock 'n' roll that really rocks and rolls.

CINEMA

THE PERSECUTION AND ASSASSINATION OF JEAN-PAUL MARAT AS PERFORMED BY THE INMATES OF THE ASYLUM OF CHARENTON UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE MARQUIS DE SADE. Under the direction of Peter Brook, Britain's Royal Shakespeare Company has successfully transformed Peter Weiss's hit play into a cinematic rowdydow no less frazzle-dazzling than it was on the stage.

DUTCHMAN. Another shocking play effectively turned into a film—this time it is LeRoi Jones's one-act polemic on race hate. Shirley Knight and Al Freeman Jr. enact a brutal brief encounter in the sub-

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way that builds danger with the insistence of steel wheels screeching through a curve.

BLOW-UP. Actor David Hemmings comes into sharp focus as a pop photog who happens to take a picture of a murder (committed by Vanessa Redgrave) that he blows up, and which in turn blows up his whole mod scene.

LA GUERRE EST FINIE. Yves Montand's performance as an uncorroborable Spanish Civil War veteran is part of the melancholy strength of this Alain Resnais (*Hiroshima Mon-Amour*) study in desperation.

A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS. Paul Scofield's magnificent portrayal of Sir Thomas More again graces Robert Bolt's witty, thoughtful play, along with some added cinematic-graphic dividends.

BOOKS

Best Reading

A SHORTER FINNEGANS WAKE, by James Joyce, edited by Anthony Burgess. Readers get a guided economy tour of the night life of H. C. Farwickier, mightiest of Irish dreamers, whose nocturnal visions embrace all human history, from the fall of man to Judgement Day. A gifted novelist and linguist, Burgess plays a lively Virgil to the Dublin Dante.

THE MAN WHO KNEW KENNEDY, by Vince Bourjaillat. The first effort to capture the triumph and tragedy of the Kennedy era in fiction. Bourjaillat's flashback-filled book is a sometimes brilliant and often evocative account of how the generation closest to Kennedy in age and aspirations reacted to his death.

THE LAST ONE LEFT, by John MacDonald. A busy, well-populated story of skulduggery at sea, tersely told by the current Big Daddy (53 books) of murder-suspense thrillers.

THE SOLDIER'S ART, by Anthony Powell. The eighth novel in a brilliantly executed marathon series depicting what British life was like between and during the two big wars, carries Narrator-Hero Nick Jenkins into the second year of World War II.

PAPER LION, by George Plimpton. The last long football season gave Americans the Super Bowl and the super book on the pro game. Plimpton's prose is worth a dozen coffee-table books filled with full-color pictures of golden boys in muddy pants.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. The Secret of Santa Vittoria, Crichton (1 last week)
2. Capable of Honor, Drury (2)
3. The Arrangement, Kazan
4. Valley of the Dolls, Susann (6)
5. The Captain, D. Hartog (1)
6. The Monk of Apollonia, Kennell (4)
7. The Birds Fall Down, West (5)
8. All in the Family, O'Connor (9)
9. The Beautiful Life, Gilbert
10. Tai-Pan, C. Lavell (7)

NON-FICTION

1. Madame Sarah, Skinner (2)
2. Everything But Money, Levenson (1)
3. Paper Lion, Plimpton (3)
4. The Jury Returns, Nizer (5)
5. Games People Play, Berne (4)
6. Edgar Cayce: The Sleeping Prophet, Storch
7. Rush to Judgement, Lane (6)
8. The Boston Strangler, Frank (7)
9. How to Avoid Probate, Dances (9)
10. Inside South America, Günther

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A letter from the STAFF

HARRY LUCE once called one of his editors and thrust a marked page of *TIME* under his nose. "I want you to tell me how that sentence got in there and why," Luce demanded. The editor gulped, admitted that he had written it, and said that it represented his judgment of the truth of the situation. Luce sighed. "I've been trying for seven years to get that sentence into the magazine," he said.

H.R.I., was no press lord in the tradition of Britain's Lord Beaverbrook or America's William Randolph Hearst. Power was not his passion—what burned in him was the search for truth and the desire to communicate it. And the way he went about it was to hire the best men he could and engage them in what amounted to a continuous dialogue. The degree of autonomy he gave his editors and the interplay of ideas he encouraged was a constant source of amazement to any outsider who encountered it. The late Aga Khan once offered Luce his memoirs for publication—gratis—in *LIFE*. He was startled when Luce said he would have to pass the offer along to *LIFE*'s managing editor, and bewildered when the answer came back: No, thanks.

Luce insisted that his ideas for stories and any copy he wrote be treated like those of any other editor. Once, when something he wrote turned out to be wrong because insufficiently rigorous checking seemed to have been applied to it, he announced at a staff luncheon: "I want to advise this college of cardinals that this particular pope is not under the illusion that he's infallible."

He did his best to make his relations with his editors and writers as personal

as possible; many of them, regardless of rank, saw him often. In *TIME*'s earlier years, when the staff was smaller, this was easier. He had a favorite drugstore in Rockefeller Center where he would take the writers working on stories that interested him. There he and the writer would trade views over coffee and doughnuts; sometimes he would make three or four conference trips to the drugstore in a single morning. He was an early riser—even on Sunday, which used to be a working day for *TIME*'s editorial staff—and would drop in to the office as early as 7:30 to see if anyone was around. No one was ever there at that hour except former Managing Editor Roy Alexander, another early bird, and Luce would look around at the empty office in mock surprise and say: "Hello, Alex—where is everybody?"

In those days, too, he frequently sat as *TIME*'s managing editor for two or three weeks at a stretch. One M.E. described these visitations as "like a strong wind that blew fresh air through the office but also scattered the papers into hopeless confusion. There were usually two noticeable results: . . . The staff got less sleep but their morale went up, and the finished issue, though it might be uneven, had some unusual high spots in it."

As an editor, Luce was no fine and fancy stylist. Instead of smoothing out a story, he would often advise "roughening it up" with abrupt transitions that might make the piece less readable but—he thought—more difficult to forget. Editing for him was mainly cutting out blocks of words; a Luce-edited issue of *TIME* was usually identifiable to insiders by its staccato style.

Luce's curiosity was insatiable—he sprayed questions in all directions wherever he went. Correspondents, notified that H.R.I. was about to appear in their territory, frequently gave themselves cram courses of vital statistics about the area to cope with his barrage of queries. The ride in from the airport was legendary, and many a correspondent prepared himself by making the run a couple of times with a guide—only to have Harry ask him about some distant ruin he had failed to notice. It was even more disconcerting when Luce knew more than he did—as when *TIME*'s New Delhi man told him that he had reservations at the Ashoka Hotel. "Ashoka?" pounced Luce, "that was an emperor wasn't it—what was his period?"

Luce loved reporting, and he seized every excuse to go after news at first hand. On one trip to London some years ago, he expressed skepticism about a dispatch that had characterized Britain's man in the street as being interested only in "football pools, bus queues and everyday living," so he commandeered an office car and went out to take his own soundings. On his return, he simply told the correspondent: "You were right."

On interviews, Harry was exhaustive—and exhausting. One of his close associates remembers a three-month tour of Europe, on which "we saw everyone of any account, politically, in six countries. At the end of it, Harry had gained six pounds and I had lost ten. After one three-hour discussion-in-depth with an editor of *L'Observateur Romain*, our Rome correspondent, who had been doing the interpreting, turned toward me and fainted flat on the floor. Before I got a shot of Scotch into him, Harry was back in the room, saying: 'Well, it's only 6:15—what are we going to do until dinner?'"

One way Luce functioned editorially was by means of give-and-take with his top editors over the luncheon table. He loved dialectic exchange, and often shifted his own position in mid-sentence, to the consternation of novice listeners. Participation in such Luce talk demanded adherence to certain rigorous requirements: 1) intellectual convictions, backed up by 2) hard facts, and presented with 3) a delicate sense of timing that could only be acquired by experience. For Luce would often come to a dead stop in his torrent of words, while he thought out the next phase of his argument, and into such 30-second silences many a tyro editor or visitor blundered, thinking it was his turn to talk at last. The fate of such rushers-in was painful to behold: they could be as far as two or three sentences into their rebuttals when Harry would find in his mind what he had been looking for, and pick up exactly where he had left off—talking through their lines as though they had never been spoken.

Harry's single-minded concentration was legendary. Author John Hersey, a former *TIME* writer, tells of a lunch he



LUCE SPEAKING AT *TIME*'S 40TH-ANNIVERSARY STAFF DINNER IN 1963

LETTERS

Concerned with Survival

Sir: The Anti-Ballistic Missile debate [Feb. 24] can be settled by asking both sides this question: "What if you are wrong?"

If the supporters are wrong, we will lose \$100 per American. If the detractors are wrong, we will lose one American per American. Which would you choose?

It does not soothe me to hear McNamara say that our ability to vaporize Russia is our best defense. I am more concerned with America's survival than Russia's destruction. What if our deterrent does fail? Are we to shout hurrah because their pile of ashes is bigger than ours? Or are we to congratulate ourselves on how much money we saved?

DANIEL JOHN SOBIESKI

Chicago

Sir: No matter what kind of ABM deterrent system a country may install, it will not deter an enemy bent on using nuclear weapons. All the belligerent nation need do is deposit nuclear explosives underwater off the coast of the target country, wait until the winds are just right, and detonate the weapon. The fall-out will inflict the damage.

JAMES E. VANDELLEY

San Angelo, Texas

Sir: Many people are miserable nowadays, but in general life is heaven for the masses compared with what it was 22 years ago in some countries. This miracle of prosperity is as good a guarantee against holocaust as any missile offense or defense program man can create. For it is not machines that will deter man from certain actions if he is desperate, he will always be clever enough to find the flaws in someone else's system. Rather, it is his inner feeling of what life is worth to him that will be the all powerful deterrent. This area must not be slighted while bigger and better bomb systems are installed.

JULIE PARKER

Whittier, Calif.

Further Testimony

Sir: The record should be corrected on two points in "The Bombing Controversy" [March 3].

Secretary McNamara does not believe that the bombing is ineffective, as your own reporting in the rest of the piece clearly shows. The one out-of-place quotation from an unidentified source is in error.

Secondly, the same unidentified source erroneously indicates that the Secretary wants to call the bombing off and states that the Secretary gives this reason for not calling it off: "I've got my generals too."

The Secretary has made no such statement. No statement would be less typical of him. TIMI should know what all of Washington knows: the Secretary of Defense runs the military establishment. The suggestion that his subordinates overrule him on a matter as important as bombing North Viet Nam is ludicrous.

PHIL C. GOULDING

Deputy Assistant Secretary, Public Affairs Department of Defense
Washington, D.C.

One Man's Cloak, Another Man's Dagger

Sir: I am in no way scandalized that the CIA has supported the praiseworthy efforts of the National Student Association to portray the American image at international conferences [Feb. 24]. There is no reason for suspicion that the CIA has attempted to subvert the independent thinking of the N.S.A. or to use student delegates as spies.

I am, however, seriously disturbed that the Government, represented through the years by both Democratic and Republican administrations, quite evidently did not feel it politically expedient to support publicly, through a more appropriate federal agency, the N.S.A. effort toward international student understanding.

P. H. RATTERMAN, S.J.

Xavier University
Cincinnati

Sir: God bless the CIA and keep it free of congressional politics. The Communists must enjoy the exposure of one of our truly protective arms.

FRANCIS H. WENDEL

Racine, Wis.

Sir: I understand the need for espionage; for Government support of certain organizations and even for building a good image. As a Christian and a university professor, however, I cannot condone your uncritical defense of the CIA as an agency for molding opinion or atmosphere—as was apparently the objective in the N.S.A. subsidy—or for aiding the overthrow of foreign governments. It is this acting on intelligence rather than simply gathering it that frightens me. Incidents such as the U-2 flight and President Eisenhower, and the Bay of Pigs fiasco and President Kennedy, have suggested that

even the chief executive is not fully informed of CIA actions and that American citizens have the right to demand that the CIA stay with intelligence and espionage, not propaganda and sabotage.

CARL E. ROTH

Indianapolis

Sir: Thank you for the common sense and research on the CIA and the students.

We had just read a shocking, maudlin, sensational, full-page newspaper ad put out by *Ramparts* magazine, screaming to the world that "the CIA has infiltrated and subverted the world of American student leaders over the past 15 years," and other shameful accusations. We recognized it as a nasty, cheap attempt to stir up scandal in an effort to boost sales, but what would all of Europe think?

F. F. STEPHENS

Palma de Mallorca, Spain

Sir: Until the recent publicity, I had no idea the CIA was doing such an efficient job around the world. It is reassuring.

FAY STROSS

Seattle

The Marine with Fall

Sir: I just finished reading about Bernard Fall, the journalist who bravely gave his life for his country [March 3]. Just as his family, and friends, and the people of America are proud of him, I, too, am proud of my husband, the Marine photographer who accompanied Fall on his last mission. He was not only a dedicated Marine, but an excellent photographer, and the one and only most fabulous husband and father in the world. I'm not sure of my purpose in writing this letter. Maybe it is that I want you to know who the photographer was who bravely gave his life for his country along with Mr. Fall.

MRS. BYRON C. HUGHAND

Lancaster, Pa.

At Gunpoint

Sir: The statement in "To Redeem the Worst, to Better the Best" [Feb. 17] that a firearms-control act "would be one of the cheapest, yet probably one of the most effective crime-fighting tools" is without logic.

The country has no reason to restrict the mere possession of firearms if it is their illegal use that produces tragedy. Restricting possession of arms for self-defense and sport would restrict only the law-abiding citizens; criminals would continue to 1) smuggle guns in from out of the country, 2) steal guns, 3) make guns, and/or 4) use other weapons.

The answer is to make punishment for the criminal use of dangerous weapons swift, sure and effective.

EDGAR A. WILLY

Temple City, Calif.

In the Name of the Law

Sir: Again, TIMI has done a signal service to American justice in "A Classic Case of False Evidence" [Feb. 24].

I have written the American Bar Association to inquire whether it intends to permit Fulton County's Prosecutor Blaine Ramsey to continue his law practice despite the shocking revelations in TIMI's report. If this is not malpractice, I do not understand the meaning of the word.

L. HURBERT DEWETTER

Keene, N.H.

Sir: We should not tolerate persecution of the innocent by the law in the name of

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Manned Space Center in Houston to test the effect of solar radiation on the Apollo space vehicle. And it's possible carbon arc sunshine will be used in greenhouses as the way to extend the growing season in certain parts of the world to a full 12 months.

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legal prosecution. To obtain the conviction of a man for murder by using false evidence, as did Prosecutor Blaine Ramsey in Illinois, is in itself an attempt to murder.

But, alas, the prosecutor is a politician and the public is apathetic, so Ramsey's misconduct will soon be forgotten and this frightening state of affairs ignored.

STANLEY I. FRIEDMAN

Boston

Giving Them The Bird

Sir: I was interested in your review of *MacBird* [March 3]. I was especially interested in the photograph of the "I.B.J. cartoon" being used as a backdrop for the play.

Several months ago the director of *MacBird* approached my gallery with the



VICKREY'S CLOWN

MacBIRD SET

idea of using a 1961 painting of mine called *Clown in Armor* as a backdrop for his production of *MacBird*. I did not wish to be associated with this play and refused him my permission.

Some of my friends, having seen the photograph in *TIME*, have expressed surprise that I would lend my work to such a play. I would like to make it clear that I had nothing to do with this production of *MacBird*.

ROBERT VICKREY

Manhattan

Man with a Mission

Sir: It is refreshing to read that African leaders are finally beginning to ask Christian missionaries to go home [Feb. 17].

It is amazing that in 1967 some white men and women are still trying to persuade black Africans to abandon their religious beliefs and worship instead a blond and blue-eyed Jesus—the same Jesus whom the Ku Klux Klan and other racists in the U.S. and Britain and the apartheid white minorities of South Africa and Rhodesia worship; the same Jesus in whose name Jews have been persecuted in the West for ten centuries and 6,000,000 Jews were gassed in Germany only 25 years ago. For more than three centuries, Christianity has ministered to the American Negro's self-hatred; and today, many black Africans and some black Americans still sing *Wash Me Whiter than Snow, Lord*. Incredible.

It will be a great day for human dignity when the last white missionary leaves Africa.

O. JEMIE

Manhattan

Be a Sport

Sir: Letter Writer Ryan's backhanded compliment to Negro athletes [Feb. 24] mixes a sociological point. There has always been a hierarchy of emerging nationalities in American professional sports: the Irish in the '20s, the Italians and Jews in the '30s, the Negroes in the '50s and '60s. That the number of colored champions is disproportionate to the number of Negroes in America is not evidence of physical superiority and mental inferiority,

but of the fact that the choice of opportunity is limited for Negroes and that they must try their luck in the rewarding, but strenuous and heartbreaking, realm of professional sports.

FRED B. CHARY

Arlington, Va.

Low on the Lab

Sir: With "In the Lab: Too Many Defective Tests" [Feb. 17], you've opened the door on a very ugly situation.

I discovered very early that technicians are considered about as important as nurses' aides and secretaries. The salaries are at the poverty level. Yet registered technicians with a B.S. degree take many courses taught in medical school, including pathology, immunology, comparative anatomy, pathogenic bacteriology and at least 25 to 35 college hours each of chemistry, zoology and bacteriology. Often a good technician knows more about specific diseases than the doctor for whom the tests are run. The smart technicians will go on to medical school rather than work for low pay and with low self-esteem.

MARIAN WILSON

Registered Medical Technologist
American Society of Clinical Pathologists
Williamsville, N.Y.

Ex Libris

Sir: Architect Philip Johnson was right: a wing added to the Boston Public Library [Feb. 24], or a building that would dominate it, would have been out of the question: a duplicate would have been more absurd than either.

But this being the case, the problem was impossible of solution and ought to have been declined by an artist who is these days the chief spokesman for monumentality. Three years of brooding brought forth only a far worse alternative than the obvious ones, an unmatched pair, too much like each other to be thought of apart, yet too wildly dissimilar to form a single design.

The treasure Boston's City Fathers may imagine themselves to be doubling they are, in fact, destroying, for whatever force Mr. Johnson's building may possess, or the other one alongside it, will be utterly done away with by the presence of its neighbor.

PIERCE REE

Washington, D.C.

Sir: It reminds me of early transit garage or late National Guard Armory. One must well consider burning the library instead of the books.

PAUL A. POLLOCK

Lowell, Mass.

Address Letters to the Editor to *TIME* and *LIFE* Buildings, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

March 10, 1967

Vol. 89, No. 10

THE NATION

THE CONGRESS

No Home in the House

It was a scene of wild incongruity. On a tennis court near the Bimini Hotel one day last week, Baptist Preacher Adam Clayton Powell led an assemblage of curious cronies, touring Seventh-day Adventists and bemused newsmen in what he solemnly described as an interdenominational service. He took his text from *Jeremiah 8:4*: "When men fall, do they not rise again?"

It was a fitting question, considering the spectacular fall that Congressman Powell had taken earlier in the week. By an overwhelming majority of nearly 3 to 1, rebellious House members overrode their leaders, scrapped the recommendations of a select committee and voted to exclude Powell from the 90th Congress for his well-documented wrongdoings. The vote reflected not only their sentiment but the nation's as well.

Not for 46 years has a member-elect been barred, and only six times since the Civil War has the House exacted the supreme legislative penalty—exclusion.^{*} Drastic as the action was, a ma-

jority of the House was determined to make Powell's punishment fit his offenses—and they were numerous. Since he was first elected in 1944, Powell has cheerfully collected enemies with his arrogance, his blatant junketing and his spoiler's role in upsetting ardently achieved compromises. To this woeful record, two investigatory panels in recent months added evidence of payroll irregularities and misappropriation of congressional travel funds. To top it all off, he was unable to enter his home state, thanks to jail sentences imposed by New York courts for civil and criminal contempt.

Both Hands Full. During the House debate, no one tried to pardon Powell's peccadilloes. Even his staunchest defender—Michigan Democrat John Conyers, a Negro—argued that he should be censured. In light of the evidence and the fact that the mail of some Congressmen was running 100 to 1 against seating Powell, the chief dispute concerned the severity of his penalty.

The select committee, chaired by Brooklyn's Emanuel Celler, dean of the House, had proposed public censure, loss of all seniority and a \$40,000 fine—but not exclusion. Powell's "wrongdoing," said Celler, "does not rise to the heights of malevolence such as treason."

Plenty of Congressmen thought that the heights attained by Adam were pretty dizzying, nonetheless. Missouri

Republican Thomas Curtis denounced Powell for "embezzlement and forgery; not to mention such things as scotlaw actions." To objections from scattered Representatives that the censure proposal would constitute "annihilation by humiliation," South Carolina Republican Albert Watson replied: "As far as I know, he is down in Bimini with a glass in one hand and a woman in the other. Can you think a man so calloused would be humiliated?"

The first key vote came on a motion to preclude amendments to Celler's resolution; if it failed, the way would be open for an amendment demanding Powell's exclusion. The motion was defeated 222 to 202, with the opposition composed of Southerners, border-state Democrats, a handful of Northern Democrats and Republicans from all sections of the country. The next test was on a Republican motion to substitute exclusion for the punishment proposed by Celler. Gaining strength, the anti-Powell group won this round 248 to 176. On the final vote, to actually bar Powell from the 90th Congress, the count was 307 to 116.

Natural Resources. "If just once," observed Florida Democrat Sam Gibbons afterward, "Adam had come in and said, 'I made a mistake,' things might have turned out differently." But throughout, Powell was being—Powell. While the House wrangled over his fate,



POWELL & TANYIKI IN BIMINI



BEING HAPPY



PLAYING DOMINOES

In the wake of a historic vote, a question of general ethics.



REPRESENTATIVE HECKLER

A good scrubbing—all around.

he spent the afternoon playing dominoes in Bimini's End of the World bar, sipping "cowbells" (milk laced with Scotch) supplied by reporters. "If I'm excluded," he said philosophically, "I'll be happy all the time. If I'm not excluded, I'll be happy all the time."

He seemed to mean every word of it. The day after he was barred, Powell sat in the End of the World and appreciatively ogled Tanyiki Delamour, 24, a Haitian exotic dance whose specialty is the "voodoo drumfire dance." "Don't get too close; you'll set me on fire," Powell warned. His usual constant companion, Corinne Huff, was nowhere in sight.

Through the week, Adam kept up his high spirits. He led barroom hymn sessions, kidded with reporters, took dockside strolls to survey Bimini's natural resources. ("Is that all *you*?" he asked one girl in a tight sweater who sauntered past). There was at least some good news to justify his buoyant mood. Exclusion made him eligible for a \$15,000 pension—half his regular congressional salary. Better yet, the New York Court of Appeals, highest in the state, lopped \$100,000 off the outstanding libel judgment against him and ordered a lower court to reconsider another part of the judgment on technical grounds. This left him owing only some \$23,000, also opened the way for removal of the contempt citations.

Slap in the Face. Few Negroes took Powell's disgrace as calmly as Adam did. CORE's Floyd McKissick called the House vote a "slap in the face to every black man in this country." Ralph Bunche, Whitney Young, A. Philip Randolph and Bayard Rustin joined in the chorus. At least one Negro who criticized the House for excluding a Negro also condemned Powell for his conduct. Executive Director Roy Wilkins of the N.A.A.C.P. accused him of "wrecking the civil rights movement" because he is "out for himself only."

Powell's color certainly cost him

votes among Southern Democrats, who sat back and quietly enjoyed the debate, saying little. But Arizona Democrat Morris Udall insisted that color had nothing to do with his exclusion and actually prevented the House from bouncing him sooner. "If he'd been white," said Udall, "we'd have gotten him a long time ago. This racism thing held a lot of people off."

Not all of the protest was stated in black-and-white terms. Among some white observers there was concern that the House had perhaps gone too far. They noted that Powell had, after all, been re-elected in November by a 74% majority in a constituency that was fully aware of his record. If he chooses to enter the special election in Harlem's 18th District, he will undoubtedly win and return, as Celler said, "to haunt the House." Though the wording of the exclusion measure seems to bar Powell for the duration of the 90th Congress, the presentation of a new election certificate would probably force the House to act again to exclude him.

Powell, who called the exclusion action a "second Dred Scott decision," plans to challenge it on constitutional grounds. Indeed, the case could develop into a monumental constitutional clash, and if the courts were to rule in Powell's favor, it could result in a historic confrontation between legislative and judicial branches.

Powell said his lawyers would argue in federal court that the Constitution sets only three requirements for House membership—age, U.S. citizenship and state residence—and that Powell satisfies all three. But Article I of the Constitution makes Congress the judge of the "elections, returns and qualifications of its own members." Thus there is some question whether the courts would want to get involved in a scrap with the House over its own rules—or would be able to enforce a decision.

Dirty Hands. Whatever the legal and political fallout, the most fundamental problem confronting Congress in the wake of its historic vote last week is that of its own ethics. Now that Powell has been excluded, Capitol Hill can ill afford to coddle other rascals, as it unquestionably has done in the past. In the past 16 years, for example, two House members were allowed to serve out their terms despite conviction for payroll padding, and a third served a four-month prison term for income-tax evasion, won re-election later that year and was subsequently sworn in. Not one of these offenders was censured, let alone expelled.

Already the Powell case has put subtle pressure on both chambers of Congress to re-examine the rules that govern their members. In the Senate, the slow-moving investigation of Connecticut Senator Thomas Dodd's tangled finances is scheduled to resume next week. In the House, proposals to establish an ethics committee are being pushed with new vigor. Said Massachusetts' Freshman Republican Margaret

Heckler: "How can the House slap one member's wrists without holding out all members' hands for inspection?"

The Congresswoman has a point. Nonetheless, what nobody can dispute in the Powell case is that Adam's hands were dirty—and deserved the scrubbing they got.

LABOR

No More String

In his decade-long duel with the Justice Department, Teamster Boss Jimmy Hoffa, 54, was tried six times and convicted twice, but he managed to avoid imprisonment while his lawyers strung out one appeal after another. Last week, as the Supreme Court turned down Hoffa's appeal of a 1964 jury-tampering conviction for the second time in three months, it looked as if the string had finally run out. Scarcely 48 hours after the court announced its decision, Federal Judge Frank Wilson ordered Hoffa to appear this week in Chattanooga, Tenn., site of the jury-tampering trial, to begin serving an eight-year prison term. Though Hoffa's resourceful lawyers were expected to seek still another delay, even they were losing heart. Asked if he could keep Jimmy out of jail much longer, one of them replied: "I doubt it."

Hoffa apparently had some doubt too. Less than an hour before the imprisonment order came through, he announced in Baltimore that Teamster General Vice President Frank Fitzsimmons, 58, would take over the 1,800,000-man union in the event of his own "absence." A onetime bus driver and dockworker, the portly Fitzsimmons has an avuncular appearance that belies his 31-year career as a Teamster organizer, mostly with Hoffa's tough home local, No. 299, in Detroit.

Fitzsimmons' first job will be to negotiate a new contract with the nation's trucking industry before the present one expires on March 31. It would be the first major trucking contract negotiated without Hoffa since 1958, when former President Dave Beck was jailed for embezzling union funds and Jimmy replaced him. It could be a long way from the fast. In addition to his eight-year sentence for jury tampering, Hoffa



FITZSIMMONS & HOFFA
End of the duel.

faces a five-year jail term for trying to steal more than \$1,000,000 in Teamster pension funds, a conviction that is still being appealed through the courts. He will have one consolation. In jail or out, he will continue to draw his \$100,000-a-year salary.

THE WAR

Toughened Mood

Only a month ago, peace in Viet Nam was, in British Prime Minister Harold Wilson's words, "almost within our grasp." Last week it seemed as far out of reach as ever.

By land, sea and air, the U.S. tightened the screws on North Viet Nam. American 175-mm. artillery pounded targets north of the Demilitarized Zone at the 17th parallel. Navy planes seeded Northern rivers with mines. Seventh Fleet ships blasted the North's coast with 5- and 8-in. guns. On their side, the Communists began pounding U.S. installations with powerful 140-mm. Russian rockets (see THE WORLD).

Slamming Doors. President Johnson declined to characterize the U.S. moves as "escalation," but agreed that the level of the war had obviously changed. "This is action over and above what has been taking place over the last few weeks," he noted. "Certainly, it is more far-reaching." As Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara explained later in the week, the new steps "are supplemental to the air campaign." What makes them all the more important is the fact that U.S. intelligence has uncovered new signs that the North Vietnamese are attempting to increase supply movements toward the South. Moreover, as many as 35,000 fresh Communist troops are believed to have moved into place just north of the DMZ.

Clearly, the mood on both sides has toughened. Even United Nations Secretary General U Thant's meeting in his native Burma with a North Vietnamese delegation failed to spark any hope that the men from Hanoi had anything besides propaganda to offer. In Washington, the feeling has grown that Hanoi has been given plenty of chances to talk—and has repeatedly scorned them. "We leave the door open," said a Pentagon official, "and it's only slammed in our face." The President, accordingly, seems to have concluded that more military pressure against the North offers the only hope for peace. "I don't see any other alternative," he admitted.

Act of Trust. New York's Senator Robert F. Kennedy, on the other hand, thought he discerned any number of alternatives. In a 6,000-word Senate speech preceded by two weeks of publicity, Bobby urged the Administration to declare a bombing halt on the chance that Hanoi would then consent to peace talks. To prevent the Communists from using the cessation to resupply their troops in the South, he urged the U.S. to declare that "discussions cannot continue for a prolonged period without an

agreement that neither side will substantially increase the size of the war." Further, any settlement should include "all the major political elements in South Viet Nam"—including the Viet Cong.

When Kennedy ended his 45-minute address, Democratic Leader Mike Mansfield leaped to his feet. Apprehensive over how Hanoi would interpret the speech, he assured that it did not represent "a break between the Administration and the Senator from New York." He was almost alone in that opinion. For one thing, Kennedy urged a halt in the bombing on the strength of a tentative promise from Hanoi to negotiate: Johnson insists on some solid reciprocal move from the North—not a mere promise. For another, Kennedy, recalling Prime Minister Wilson's claim that "one single act of trust" during last month's Tet pause could have brought



KENNEDY PREPARING SPEECH
Two weeks of publicity for 6,000 words.

peace, believes the U.S. should perform the act: the Administration replies that Wilson was blaming Hanoi, not Washington, for withholding the crucial act of trust.

Aware that Kennedy's speech would command considerable attention, the Administration took considerable pains to soften its impact. Before Bobby began speaking, Johnson casually dropped the news that Moscow had agreed to talks on "means of limiting the arms race in offensive and defensive nuclear missiles." The U.S., said the President, was anxious to dissuade the Russians from deploying an anti-ballistic missile system that might force Washington to increase drastically its own missile program. Just as Bobby took the floor, the President had a letter delivered to Washington's Democratic Senator Henry M. Jackson vowing that the bombing would end "when the other side is willing to take equivalent action as part of a serious effort to end this war." Through the day, Johnson sought to

upstage Bobby by making newsworthy sorties to Howard University's 100th anniversary celebrations and a ceremony marking the centennial of the U.S. Office of Education.

It fell to Secretary of State Dean Rusk to deliver the Administration's official reply to Bobby. What Kennedy proposed, said Rusk, was "substantially similar" to Administration actions explored "without result" many times in the past. "We have had bombing pauses of five days in 1965, 37 days in December-January 1965-66, and six days just two weeks ago," he said. "And we encountered only hostile actions in response."

Stop & Go. Indeed, another futile bombing pause aimed at improving the prospects for peace could have precisely the opposite effect. "With every cessation of bombing," observed New York Representative Emanuel Celler, "the hopes of our people for peace rise, only to be dashed by the negation of peace by the North Vietnamese." Because such frustration only intensifies demands for escalating the war, he said, "it is foolhardy to play with the emotions of our people by continued stop-and-go signs." To U.S. military planners, more than emotions are involved. A pause, said General William C. Westmoreland, the U.S. commander in Viet Nam, "will cost many additional lives and probably prolong the conflict."

Additional support for Johnson came from Congress. After two weeks of debate, the Senate passed a \$4.5 billion supplemental appropriation bill for the war in Viet Nam—and battled down an attempt by Pennsylvania's Democratic Senator Joseph Clark to tack on an amendment demanding that the U.S. either declare war or freeze troop levels in the South at 500,000 (nearly 415,000 are already there). Convinced that Clark's rider would be defeated so decisively that the vote would be interpreted by U.S. hawks as a blank check for unlimited escalation, Mansfield performed some fancy legislative footwork. He offered a meaningless substitute amendment calling for a negotiated settlement of the war "that would preserve the honor of the U.S.," thus managed to shelve Clark's embarrassing proposal.

Romantic Revolutionaries. Though the Administration seemed more than ever to be digging in for a long, hard fight, something of the hope that stiffens Johnson against his critics was lucidly expressed by White House Security Adviser Walt W. Rostow. Speaking at the University of Leeds in England, Rostow said that the "aggressive, romantic revolutionaries" who long have disturbed world peace—Ho Chi Minh and Mao Tse-tung, to name two—must soon give way to leaders who will make a new era of tranquility possible. "If we have the common will to hold together and get on with the job," he predicted, "the struggle in Viet Nam might be the last great confrontation of the postwar era."

THE ADMINISTRATION

All in the Family

Proud and excited, Ramsey Clark, 39, got on the phone to his father. President Johnson had just appointed him Attorney General of the U.S., and he wanted to pass on the news. "I'm working on something," his father replied, to Ramsey's disappointment. "Can I call you back in a few minutes?" What Supreme Court Justice Tom C. Clark, 67, was working on was every bit as big a story as his son's new job: his decision to resign from the seat he has occupied for 17 years.

The elder Clark stepped down to avoid any hint of impropriety, though no law or precedent obliged him to do so. Actually, most of the Justice Department cases that reach the high court are handled not by the Attorney General but by the Solicitor General.* But without ever formally discussing the matter with either Ramsey or the President, who is an old personal friend, Clark had long since made up his mind to quit the court if his son became Attorney General. "Mrs. Clark and I," he said in his statement, "are filled with both pride and joy over Ramsey's nomination."

Touch of Coyness. Tom Clark's paternal pride was all the deeper because he himself spent twelve years in the Justice Department—the last four as Attorney General—before Harry Truman appointed him to the Supreme Court in 1949. With his father at Justice, young Ramsey Clark got his first exposure to the department at the age of nine. The rangy (6 ft., 3 in., 180 lbs.), easy-mannered Ramsey served a hitch in the Marine Corps at the end of World War II, then studied at the University of Texas and at Chicago. Diligent, if not brilliant, he earned three degrees in four years, in 1951 joined his father's old Dallas law firm, there lost only one jury case in ten years.

As Assistant Attorney General in charge of the Lands Division, Clark was an efficient administrator with a knack for economy: for three straight years, he ran the division for \$300,000 less than its \$3,500,000 budget. When Nicholas Katzenbach moved over to the State Department last October, Clark became Acting Attorney General. It had taken Johnson 148 days to publicly remove the "Acting" from Katzenbach's title in 1965—and Ramsey was kept waiting precisely the same number of days. The President broke the news with that touch of coyness that has become almost a trademark. Having dropped a hint that the appointment might be forthcoming, he summoned newsmen to the White House the following day to watch him sign a document; Ramsey was standing at his shoulder. When one reporter



CLARK BEFORE PORTRAIT OF FATHER
Acting no more.

asked if the document on the desk might be Clark's nomination, Johnson flashed a Cheshire grin, replied: "Yes." That was it.

Clark has been in the thick of the Administration's fight for civil liberties. He was the department's troubleshooter during the 1965 Selma voting-rights drive and headed a presidential fact-finding mission after the Watts riots. Though his father dissented from the 1966 *Miranda* verdict banning confessions obtained without full warnings to defendants of their rights, Ramsey wholeheartedly endorses the Supreme Court's recent liberal rulings on interrogations and confessions. When Congress passed a stiff crime bill for the District of Columbia that he considered reactionary and unconstitutional, he prevailed on Johnson to veto it. He has ordered the Justice Department to discontinue all wiretaps except those clearly involving national security. Like his father, who was once the department's anti-trust chief, he favors tough enforcement of laws against monopoly and price fixing.

Swing Voter. When Clark's nomination reached the Senate, it was unanimously and swiftly confirmed. The only regrets aired on Capitol Hill, in fact, were over the elder Clark's impending departure from the Supreme Court—probably when the current term ends in June. The last of Truman's four appointees, Tom Clark earned a reputation over the years as the author of some of the court's most lucid and precise opinions (including the controversial 1963 school-prayer decision). Though known as a judicial conservative, he shunned the doctrinaire stances of some of his colleagues, served as a "swing voter" in some of the court's 5-to-4 decisions on such issues as race, reapportionment and obscenity.

Clark's retirement (at full pay of \$39,-

500) gives Lyndon Johnson the opportunity of making his second appointment (this first: Abe Fortas, generally pegged as a liberal) and the problem of deciding whether to seek someone with a philosophy similar to Clark's or to reinforce the liberals' slender majority. There was the usual speculation about Government figures (Labor Secretary Willard Wirtz and Congressman Wilbur Mills), academicians (Harvard Law School's Paul Freund), and Texas friends (Houston Attorney Leon Jaworski and Federal Judge Homer Thornberry). Talk was also revived that Johnson would like to be the first President to appoint a woman or a Negro to the court, thus might well settle on either Federal Judge Sarah Hughes, who administered the presidential oath of office to him in Dallas, or Solicitor General Thurgood Marshall.

Johnson may well get more than one chance. Before too long, other Justices—most notably Hugo Black, 81, and William Douglas, 68—may follow Tom Clark into retirement.

Marking Time

"I do not recommend more of the same—but more that is better," said Lyndon Johnson in his health and education message to Congress last week. Actually, the President was mostly marking time in two fields where he has been almost too productive in the past two years. Having gotten 18 new education laws and 24 health measures through the 89th Congress, he now placed maximum emphasis on consolidating and making existing programs more efficient, and he carefully muted the few new spending proposals included in his message.

Inspire the People. In the area of education, one of his special concerns. Johnson's major recommendation was the establishment of a public television corporation to support noncommercial TV and radio broadcasting. The initial cost would be only \$9,000,000, though no price tag could measure its real importance. To the delight of officials at the Ford Foundation and the Carnegie Corporation, who recently issued "white papers" supporting noncommercial broadcasting, Johnson tentatively accepted a few ideas from each.

From Ford, he borrowed the idea of using communications satellites, if they prove economically feasible, in a public, noncommercial system; from Carnegie, he took the idea of strengthening regional program-production centers and local stations as a guarantee of diversity. "I am convinced," he said, "that a vital and self-sufficient noncommercial television system will not only instruct but inspire and uplift our people."

The President deferred the most sensitive decision to next year—how the corporation should be financed to protect it from political pressures. Also in the education field, Johnson called for a fourfold increase in the Teacher Corps

* For that reason, Charles Evans Hughes Jr. resigned as Solicitor General in 1930 when his father was appointed Chief Justice by Herbert Hoover.

(to 5,500 volunteers) by mid-1968 and expansion of programs to train new teachers and administrators, combat adult illiteracy and eliminate school segregation. Total cost of his education proposals: \$11 billion.

Better Delivery. In the health section of his message, Johnson abandoned last year's proposal for a \$10 billion, ten-year loan program for hospital construction. He did earmark \$1.5 billion of the total \$12.4 billion health budget for biomedical research and called for the training of 1,000,000 more health workers in the next decade. But his chief emphasis was on achieving "better delivery of health care" through such measures as using doctors' offices for many examinations that are now conducted in hospitals.

Inefficient use of present facilities, said Health, Education and Welfare Secretary John Gardner in a report issued the day after Johnson's message, helps to explain last year's staggering 16.5% jump in the cost of hospital care. Before embarking on an expensive new expansion program, he indicated, the Government should rigorously examine the programs it already has.

THE DRAFT

FAIR Shake?

With major portions of the nation's draft law due to expire June 30, Lyndon Johnson will send a message to Congress this week on that perennially prickly problem. By presidential directive, Johnson will put into effect these far-reaching changes by the end of next year:

- ▶ The youngest draft-age men, starting with 19-year-olds, will be taken first, reversing present priorities under which 26-year-olds are the first to go.

- ▶ Deferments for all graduate students, except those in dental or medical schools, will be ended.

- ▶ Draftees will be tapped by "fair and impartial random" selection—a lottery-like concept that Johnson acronymously dubbed "FAIR."

In addressing himself to mounting complaints about the draft, President Johnson showed a characteristically deft and sensitive political hand. Taking youths as soon as they turn 19 should effectively mute one of the principal laments about the draft: that it keeps many young men on tenterhooks until they are 26. Doing away with most graduate deferments will all but eliminate graduate schools as a draft haven. But Johnson sidestepped for the time being unquestionably the thorniest problem of all—whether deferments should be continued for college students. Recognizing the political explosiveness of any proposal to do away with college deferments, Johnson shrewdly left it to Congress to debate the issue. "I will then," said L.B.J.'s message, "take that presidential action which I believe will best serve the national interest."

HIGHWAYS

Autocide

Four cars in four years have smashed into Bridge 238 on the Kansas Turnpike near Topeka. In each case, the driver was the lone occupant, and he was killed. In each case, turnpike police made the same notation on their report: daylight, clear, road dry, level and straight, no skid marks. "Cause: improper driving." Or was it suicide? No one can know for sure, but more and more police and traffic experts suspect that "autocide," as one expert calls it, is an important cause of traffic deaths.

Estimates as to how many of last year's more than 52,000 road fatalities were suicides—or the unwitting victims of some other driver's suicidal impulse—range from less than 1% to about 10%. The evidence is almost always circumstantial, and the chance of identifying an automobile death as anything other than "accidental" is just about nil unless the suicide himself thoughtfully provides a note or blurts out his intent before he takes the wheel.

Double Indemnity. "There are more of these that we suspect are suicide than we care to say," says John McCleverty, director of the Cook County, Ill., traffic commission. "But we simply don't know." Adds Colonel Dan Casey, chief of the Nebraska safety patrol: "We may have the feeling a traffic death may have been a suicide, but we need proof." Yet one figure, circumstantial as it may be, stands out. Though all auto deaths have increased by 32% in the past ten years, single-car fatalities that result from collisions with fixed objects—the most likely form of autocide—have jumped 56%.

The car has several inherent advantages as an instrument of suicide, aside from its ready availability. Because it cannot be clearly labeled, autocide not only avoids the social stigma attached to suicide, but also, as Arthur Miller's Willy Loman realized, almost automatically guarantees double indemnity on most life-insurance policies. There is even an emotional release not found in most other forms of self-destruction. None of the more common and conventional methods, note Psychiatrists Melvin Selzer and Charles Payne in the *American Journal of Psychiatry*, can offer so "dramatic an opportunity for the gratification of destruction and aggressive impulses."

The Rev. Kenneth Murphy, director of Boston's Rescue Inc., a nonsectarian church organization that tries to head off suicides through counseling and persuasion, believes that there may even be an "installment plan of suicide." Many people, he says, become so distraught that they drive recklessly in a subconscious effort to destroy themselves—without ever knowing consciously what they are doing. "For them," says Father Murphy, "each accident, whether serious or extremely minor, is a partial suicide."

REPUBLICANS

Mystery Guest

"Here's your chance," Toastmaster George Murphy told the 2,000 diners at the Washington Hilton, "to sit in the presence of the next President of the U.S." Well, Lyndon Johnson was nowhere in sight, and neither were Hubert Humphrey and Bobby Kennedy. But just about every Republican aspirant for 1968 was on hand. The 5500-plate affair was billed as a "G.O.P. Victory Gala" to celebrate last November's comeback, but it was more of a preview for next year. It was also the most profitable single event in the party's history, netting \$1,000,000 for the G.O.P.'s 1968 congressional war

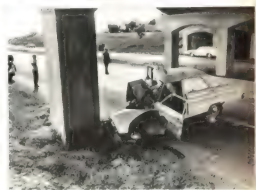
PHOTO BY PHOTODISC



SINGLE-CAR FATALITY AT BRIDGE 238 IN 1962



IN 1963



IN 1966

Inherent advantages as an instrument.

chest, including a sizable amount from Democratic businessmen who like their bread buttered on both sides.

With a Thud. The top candidates for the top job were all there except New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller, who insists that he does not want the job anyway. Richard Nixon, who was to leave this week on a three-week European tour, got in some last-minute politicking, shaking every hand in sight. Illinois' Freshman Senator (Chuck Percy was busily huddling and hellingo. But the cynosures were Michigan's Governor George Romney and California's Governor Ronald Reagan, who were scheduled to speak for three minutes each.

Romney led off, with a thud. The audience gave him a barely polite ovation, and Romney did little to evoke more during his talk. After a few jokes that had listeners groaning ("L.B.J.'s spending more and more time on the ranch practicing horseback riding to see if he can improve his Gallup"), he launched into a ponderous discourse on fiscal theory and federal-state relations, ran five minutes over his allotted time. "It was not a good night," said one of his supporters.

It had not been a good week for Romney, either. Earlier, he futilely tried to explain away his recent description of Percy as an "opportunist" (what he meant, said Romney, was that Percy "had a good sense of timing"). Next, Barry Goldwater did nothing to help him by declaring that the Governor just might make an acceptable candidate—"if he comes back to the Republican Party." And the morning after his disappointing dinner performance, Romney even overslept until the slug-ahed hour—for him—of 6:30, was so rattled that he arrived at a G.O.P. breakfast in mismatched pants and coat.

Gallant Man. Reagan, by contrast, wooed the crowd. "This is the only capital city I can visit that's in worse shape than our own," he began. "I

thought while I'm here, I might get a CIA subsidy." He shifted smoothly into an interpretation of the recent G.O.P. victory. "The people voted 'against' last Nov. 8," he said. "They voted against sharing the fruit of our toil with those who can, but don't work: against the stultifying hand of Government in everything; against the soup-kitchen philosophy of the '30s." He sat down to the biggest applause of the night.

The only man given license to talk as long as he liked was Everett Dirksen, who was introduced to the appreciative crowd as "the 'gallant man' whose record is outselling *Keep the Faith, Baby*, by two to one." He rambled on for 40 minutes, but when his last tuba notes floated across the ballroom and the party began to break up, George Murphy's putative nominee was still a mystery. Or was he? Said Ev Dirksen, as he was accorded a genuinely affectionate ovation: "I accept your nomination."

LOUISIANA

Odd Company

Big Jim Garrison was as good as his word. The towering (6 ft. 6 in.) district attorney of New Orleans had promised some arrests in his sensational crusade to unmask a conspiracy to assassinate John F. Kennedy, and last week, sure enough, he made an arrest. Clay Shaw, 54, former managing director of New Orleans' International Trade Mart and a well-known civic leader, was taken into custody after five hours of nonstop questioning. "There was an agreement and combination," said Garrison's office, among Shaw, Lee Harvey Oswald and others "to kill John F. Kennedy." There it was—the first formal allegation that someone besides Oswald was involved in the President's murder.

A Black Gown. Was Garrison onto something? It was all but impossible to tell. His sleuths, like small boys over-



SHAW, HANDCUFFED, AFTER ARREST
Boys overturning rocks.

turning a rock in a muddy field, have uncovered all manner of seamy, unsavory creatures with curious links to Oswald. Under investigation are, among others, pro-Castro leftists, anti-Castro Cubans and a motley assortment of beatniks, homosexuals and psychopaths of various stripes. Their haunts ranged from "gay" coffee shops and bars in New Orleans' French Quarter to shadowy back streets in the Cuban sections of Dallas and Miami.

At least a dozen theories are current in New Orleans—practically every boot-black and cabbie seems to have several. One of the favorites is that Fidel Castro, having unearthed a CIA plot to assassinate him, sent four teams of killers to the U.S.—one of them including Oswald—to get Kennedy in retaliation. Another, less incredible, conjecture holds that Shaw and others merely planted the seed of the assassination idea in Oswald; such encouragement would be enough to justify conspiracy charges under Louisiana law.

Garrison insists that he has a witness to a number of 1963 meetings involving Shaw, Oswald and David Ferrie, a former airline pilot who died two weeks ago of natural causes. When police searched Ferrie's cluttered apartment, they filled 14 cartons with his effects, including a "Dear Al" letter to a boy friend ("I offered you love and the best I could; all I got in return, in the end, was a kick in the teeth"), but Garrison did not say whether he had unearthed any clues to the assassination. When police searched Shaw's home, among the items they discovered, according to an official inventory, were "one black hood and cape," "chain," "whips," "black gown" and "black net-type hat." Again, Garrison did not say whether there was anything to bolster his case.

Want to Bet? What did it all have to do with the assassination? Garrison contended that Shaw, who claims that he is in-



REAGAN, NIXON, ROMNEY & PERCY AT "VICTORY GALA"
Such ardent swains.

nocent, used the alias of Clay Bertrand, a name that had been introduced into the Warren Commission report by Louisiana Attorney Dean Andrews Jr. Andrews, who frequently defends accused homosexuals, said "Bertrand" called him on the afternoon of the assassination and asked him to defend Oswald. While the FBI says that Andrews admitted he made the whole thing up, he insists that the story is true—but he does not say that Shaw and "Bertrand" are the same person. Garrison does.

That still left the D.A. a long way from establishing anything except that Oswald kept some odd company during his 1963 stay in New Orleans. Still, Garrison remains certain that he has something big. "I have no doubt about the case," he said. "There will be more arrests, and they will hold up. If you bet against me, you will lose."

MISSISSIPPI

"Act of Savagery"

"A moderate in Natchez," Negro Comedian Dick Gregory once said, "is a white man who hangs a nigger from a low tree." Though Gregory is a master of bitter hyperbole, there was no exaggeration in his description as far as one Wharlest Jackson, 36, was concerned last week. Jackson had the sort of background designed to infuriate Natchez-style moderates, not to mention extremists. He had been treasurer of the Natchez branch of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. He had actively participated in a boycott of white stores that followed the bombing of another Natchez N.A.A.C.P. official's car in 1965. Worst of all, he had just accepted a promotion—with a 17¢-an-hour raise—to mixer of chemicals at the Armstrong Rubber Co., a position previously held by whites only.

Finishing his first day on the new job and anxious to hurry home to his five children and ailing wife, Jackson slid behind the wheel of his light truck and switched on the ignition. He had driven only three blocks when a bomb exploded under his seat, sending the truck careening into a telephone pole with enough force to kill him instantly.

Linking Arms. Within hours, Negroes were marching the hilly streets to protest the killing. State N.A.A.C.P. Field Secretary Charles Evers led some 2,000 to watch the changing of shifts at the Armstrong plant, which, he says, is infested with Ku Klux Klansmen. Evers, whose brother Medgar, another civil rights worker, was shot to death in front of his Jackson, Miss., house in 1963, warned whites that the patience of Natchez Negroes was just about exhausted. "Once we learn to hate, they're through," he said. "We can kill more people in one day than they've done in 100 years."

Mississippians knew Evers as a man of his word, and Natchez whites seemed to take Jackson's murder more seriously than similar incidents in the past—most notably, the still-unresolved slaying of two

young Negroes whose dismembered bodies were dredged from the Mississippi River in 1964. The board of aldermen put up a \$25,000 reward for the killers, and Armstrong, which has so far pleaded inability to keep Klansmen off its payroll, chipped in another \$10,000. Mississippi Governor Paul Johnson called the bombing an "act of savagery which stains the honor of our state."

A few Natchez moderates ventured forth after the bombing to support the hitherto-lonely peacekeeping efforts of Mayor John Nosser, 67, a Lebanese-born immigrant who has the distinction of having had his house bombed by white racists and his small chain of dry-goods stores boycotted by Negroes. At week's end, Nosser, Police Chief J. T. Robinson and Sheriff Odell Anders appeared at a Negro protest rally and took part in a tableau the likes of which Mississippi had not seen before. Linking

coerce" Hattiesburg Farmer Vernon Dahmer, who died when his home was fire-bombed last year. One man, Sam H. Bowers Jr., 42, Imperial Wizard of the White Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, was named in both indictments. With the exception of Bowers, none of the men could be sentenced to more than ten years in jail.

ARIZONA

Gung-Ho Legislators

For the first time in Arizona's 55-year history, Republican majorities were elected in both chambers of the state legislature last November. Unaccustomed though they were to the role of proposing rather than opposing, the Republicans have learned quickly. They moved the starting hour for both House and Senate from 10 to 9, replaced the Senate's pretty female pages with less



EVERS & MAYOR NOSSEER AT NATCHEZ RALLY (FAR RIGHT, SHERIFF ANDERS)

A tableau unseen before.

arms with Negro demonstrators, they sang *We Shall Overcome*.

Filling the Gap. Despite the new mood of concern in Natchez, however, Mississippi's standards of justice still leave something to be desired. More than a dozen Negroes and civil rights workers have either been murdered or died mysteriously there in the past three years without a single conviction by state courts and, in many cases, without even indictments. Last week the Justice Department, using a combination of old Reconstruction laws and new civil rights measures, none of them truly appropriate for so serious a crime as murder, moved to fill the gap in two of the more notorious cases.

In Jackson, a federal grand jury charged 19 men, including Neshoba County Sheriff Lawrence Rainey and his chief deputy, Cecil Price, with conspiring to violate the civil rights of the three young civil rights workers—Andrew Goodman, 20, Michael Schwerner, 24, and James Chaney, 21, who were shot dead near Philadelphia, Miss., in 1964. In a separate indictment, the grand jury charged twelve men with conspiring to "intimidate, threaten, and

distracting college boys. Thus girded, they went to work on newly elected Republican Governor John R. Williams' ambitious program. As they approached the end of their first session this week, the lawmakers had chucked the do-nothing image of previous legislatures.

A new smog-control law was enacted, requiring individual counties to take action but also giving the state power to step in if nothing is done at the local level. A long-needed reform centralized the state's fragmented, inefficient purchasing system. Plans are in the works to revamp the scandal-ridden Liquor Control Board, stripping it of its responsibility for narcotics control. In the traditionally delicate area of ethics, some tough new regulations were enacted, including one that bars a legislator and any of his family from doing business with the state.

As if that record of accomplishment were not impressive enough, Arizona's gung-ho legislators are already getting set to do more. A special 20-day session has been scheduled for September to tackle the problem of adopting uniform property-evaluation and assessment practices throughout the state.

HENRY R. LUCE: End of a Pilgrimage

"As a journalist," he once said, "I am in command of a small sector in the very front trenches of this battle for freedom." For Henry Robinson Luce, the battle ended last week. On the 44th anniversary of TIME's first issue, America's greatest maker of magazines died in Phoenix of a coronary occlusion. He was 68.

Between the founding of TIME and the day that its 2,295th issue appeared on the newsstands, Henry Luce built the world's largest, most influential publishing enterprise. "The magazines that bear his stamp," said Lyndon Johnson last week, "are an authentic part of life

gun" style. And, as his pastor, Dr. David H. C. Read, noted last week, "he listened too—with an intensity you could almost hear."

Whether listening or questioning—usually the latter—Luce, a classical scholar at Yale, had a Socratic approach to ideas and issues. He was one of the most quotable men of his era (see boxes on following pages) but, perhaps because of the nature of his position, was seldom quoted. Though he was often condemned by the unknowing as dogmatic and opinionated—which he could be—his was generally the most open and inquiring of minds. Good journalists,

where Clare Boothe Luce gave a speech to the Commonwealth Club. Harry Luce spent a normal Saturday at their home in Phoenix. He played nine holes of golf, read the papers, attended to some business, and entertained friends at lunch and cocktails before joining a dinner party at the Arizona Biltmore.

On Sunday morning at 9:30, Luce rang the cook from his bedroom-office and ordered breakfast—orange juice, French toast, two slices of bacon, coffee. Ten minutes later he called back and asked the cook to remove the tray. He apologized to her for leaving his breakfast untouched, explaining: "It isn't that the food isn't good. I just don't feel well." After he had spent the morning in bed, Clare Luce called their family doctor in Phoenix, Dr. Hayes Caldwell. Luce insisted that he was well, and Dr. Caldwell examined him and found his pulse and blood pressure normal.

When he seemed no better on Monday, the doctor persuaded Luce to go to St. Joseph's Hospital. The patient insisted on walking out to the ambulance, carrying his shoes and a clutch of books, including a paperback Perry Mason. That night he admitted: "I seem to be unusually sleepy." He slept only fitfully, and got up several times to pace around the room. At 3 a.m. his nurse heard him fall heavily on the bathroom floor. She summoned a hospital resuscitation team, which tried in vain to revive the patient with shock treatment and cardiac massage.

Henry Luce died at 3:15 a.m.

Resounding Paeon. During memorial services at Manhattan's Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, where he had worshiped for 43 years, a springlike sun blazed through the stained-glass windows and, refracting from the banks of flowers that he had always loved in profusion, played like stage lighting across the illustrious throng gathered in the five-story nave. The congregation, linked by a private hookup to two other gatherings in the New York Time-Life Building, sang three old stand-bys: Samuel Wesley's *The Church's One Foundation*, *Faith of our Fathers and Praise*, *My Soul, The King of Heaven*, adapted from the 103rd Psalm.

In a graceful, perceptive memorial address, Dr. Read described his parishioner as "a man of unlimited imagination who reveled in hard facts; one who could be gruff with the mighty and relaxed with little children; a thinker who could see all sides of a question and yet make a quick and implacable decision. To talk with him was to shift the mind into high gear, for his was never in neutral."

Luce was one of the few contemporary intellectuals who were not only well versed in theology but who also cherished his father's faith. "Thus," said the



WITH CHURCHILL AT MANHATTAN BANQUET (1949)

To fill the huge gap between those who kept up and those who did not.

in America." As hundreds of tributes from the U.S. and foreign countries attested, the publications that Luce created and nurtured have also become a valued and trusted voice of America throughout the free world.

A significant part of Henry Luce's genius was his ability to bring together talented people of widely varying backgrounds and points of view to work in concert. Though he was a courtly and compassionate man, Luce also had the magisterial presence of a Koussevitzy. Tall, erect, with clear blue eyes that could rake a room like a laser beam—or twinkle as merrily as Mr. Pickwick's—he talked with a staccato concentration of word and thought that one associate described as "jammed machine-

he said, are "vessels of truth." He tended on the whole to take an optimistic view of history. Quoting Disraeli's proposition, "Is man an ape or an angel?", he plumped, with Disraeli, for the angels' side.

Streams of Memos. Luce formally retired as Editor in Chief of Time Inc. in 1964. Nonetheless, he had neither the temperament nor the inclination to abandon his lifelong interest in the affairs of America, the world—and his magazines. On frequent trips around the U.S. and abroad, he eagerly quizzed TIME correspondents about the stories they were working on, made frequent speeches, questioned statesmen and cab drivers with equal pertinacity, meanwhile keeping up a steady flow of memos to his editors in New York—the last of which arrived a few hours after his death.

After accompanying his wife on a busy two-day visit to San Francisco,

Presses around the world last week turned out 14,331,458 copies of Time Inc.'s four major magazines—TIME, LIFE, FORTUNE and SPORTS ILLUSTRATED—and their international editions.

minister, "while he enjoyed the dissection of sermons and theological debate, he also liked to be told—told of the mercy of God, told of the duties of the Christian faith." Evoking a memorable 1962 speech by Luce in which he depicted the nation's past and questing future as the American Pilgrimage, Dr. Read concluded his address with John Bunyan's resounding psalm:

*Who would true valour see,
Let him come hither;
One here will constant be,
Come wind, come weather:
There's no discouragement
Shall make him once relent
His first avowed intent*

To be a pilgrim . . .

Ahead of the People. By coincidence, Bunyan's hymn was sung in St. Paul's Cathedral two years ago when the world mourned Winston Churchill's death. Indeed, in their wholly different worlds, the two men had much in common. Like Churchill, a longtime friend, Henry Luce had a profound sense of history that enabled him to foresee the great events of the age: World War II, the cold war, the decline of empire, the American Century, the civil rights revolution, the Great Society (a phrase used by Luce in 1939), the rise of socialism in Britain, the economies of abundance in the U.S.

Both men were endowed with immense physical energy, tenacious intellect, a dazzling range of knowledge—and vast self-confidence. Luce was widely damned for his forthright expression of views that more often than not eventually proved right. As he observed, "It is sometimes said that the people are ahead of the politicians; it can also be said that journalism ought to be ahead of the people. Otherwise, the people are ill-served."

Luce was often, and unfairly, called a chauvinist. Certainly his proudest boast was: *civis Americainus sum*. He had infinite idealism about his country and the conviction that in time its people would create in America "the first modern, technological, prosperous, humane and reverent civilization." Nonetheless, in prophesying the American Century or analyzing the American Proposition, Luce was by no means advocating a narrow nationalism. He believed, on the contrary, that democracy is not a political system alone but a moral and spiritual undertaking based on universal principles and relevant to all mankind. "If men are not equal everywhere," he wrote recently, "there is no special magic which makes them equal in America."

Idea of Excellence. Henry Luce spoke not of America's manifest destiny but of its "manifest duty." Almost a year before Pearl Harbor, he foresaw the day when the U.S. would be "the Good Samaritan of the entire world," sending its food, its technicians and its educators to every corner of the earth "as a free gift." "We have thought," he said in 1963, "and we think, that there

H.R.L. ON HIS COUNTRY

A sampling of Luce speeches, memos and editorial musings about America:

► "The British code [at the boarding school he attended in China] violated every American instinct. No wonder that hardly an hour passed that an American did not have to run up the flag. For example, a master insists that Ohio is pronounced O-hee-ho. So, first your knuckles are rapped, then you get your face slapped—by the master—then you are publicly caned. By this time you are crying, but still you can't say O-hee-ho." May 1950.

► "As I see it, ours is an immeasurably rich and varied culture. It includes within it the beauty of truth for truth's sake and the truth of beauty for the sake of beauty alone. It exalts courage and enterprise and adventure and sings its most joyous hymn to a Prometheus unbound by any gods. And it knows no nobler language than that a man should do justly and walk humbly before his God. It has been driven by fierce compulsions—and it has been gentle as no other cultures have been gentle." June 1939.

► "The only basic principle of authority in the American nation is God.

*Our fathers' God, to thee
Author of liberty*

That popular hymn answers with simple truth the basic question of politics which neither Plato nor Aristotle could answer. The American people in their first century had made no compact with godless liberty; they had made a compact of liberty under God." May 1948.

► "In that beautiful summer of 1914, something ended forever—something very great and wonderful. . . . You might just call it Europe, or perhaps more exactly, the European system. Two and a half years later, the President of the U.S., Woodrow Wilson, sent a message to Congress asking for a declaration of war. 'God helping us,' he said, 'we can do no other. Most thoughtful people, especially Republicans, felt that Wilson had kept God waiting long enough. Anyway, at last he did it. And that day something began that will never end until either a new world of freedom and justice is created or the whole of the existing world goes down into chaos. That something—what was it, what is it? You can just call it the U.S.—entering upon the world scene, never to depart until her name wins the respect, if not the gratitude, of mankind.'" November 1951.

► On the American Century: "America as the dynamic center of

ever-widening spheres of enterprise. America as the training center of the skillful servants of mankind, America as the Good Samaritan, really believing again that it is more blessed to give than to receive, and America as the powerhouse of the ideals of freedom and justice—out of these elements surely can be fashioned a vision of the 20th century to which we can and will devote ourselves in joy and gladness and enthusiasm." February 1941.

► "This is the day of wrath. The thousand-odd dead at Pearl Harbor that first day were not merely the victims of Japanese treachery. They were the victims also of a weak and faltering America that had lost its way and failed the world in leadership. We have come to the end of as pusillanimous an epoch as there ever was in the history of a great people. There was no dignity in these years, and nothing of fate that we did not bring upon ourselves. It is also the day of hope. [For] we know, that however we have misused it, we are the principal trustees in this century of a great heritage of human freedom under God. Now at last the issue is joined: either our ideals as free men shall dominate in this century, or the pitiless bayonets of our enemies will." December 1941.

► "This has always been the country of easy answers—easy in the sense of being simple and straightforward rather than complicated. We're the country of the endless frontier, of the big sky, of manifest destiny, of unlimited resources, of 'Go west, young man,' of opportunity for all, of rags to riches, mass production, nothing to fear but fear itself, technical know-how, a chicken in every pot, gung-ho and can do. We have won all the marbles—and it just isn't enough. Further, the U.S. of A. knows or feels that it is not enough. We have been primarily concerned to establish a form of government—government of the people, by the people, and for the people. In this we have succeeded. But we have not been primarily concerned to build a structure of society which honors, above all, the transcendent value of the good, the true and the beautiful. So, I say, we are now called upon to create that society—to create on this continent the first modern technological, prosperous, humane and reverent civilization. We must see ourselves as pilgrims setting out now to overcome not wintry seas and forests and deserts; but far more dreadful enemies—doubt and cynicism and emptiness of soul and meaningless-ness." January 1962.

is a world of meaning still to be realized from the principles which gave this country birth. A world of meaning for us and, equally, a wealth of meaning for the world."

In the pages of his magazines and in his own life, Luce relished the material benefits of American prosperity. Yet he always expected more of his country. America, he declared in a searing speech in 1942, must not be "a mere use and convenience for our appetites." A Bull Moose Republican, he nevertheless foreshadowed the New Frontier and the Great Society. He demanded in 1959: "Do you want a cheap, shallow, provincial America? Or do you want an America where the ideal of excellence is at home?"

Personally and publicly, Luce extolled the Roman ideal of virtue as dedication to social and civic duty. "The American daydream," he noted, "has ended—or at least we are seeing the end of the American lead-pipe cinch." In 1962, he exhorted a Chicago audience: "Everything we know, from the atom to the stars, calls us to leave our comfortable habitations which no longer comfort us, and to strike forth on a pilgrimage to a new civilization."

Epic & Titillating. If conscience and commitment led Henry Luce into journalism in the first place, his Yankee ancestry drove him hard to do well at it. "The bitch goddess," he said, "sat in the outer office." With his Yalemate and co-founder of *TIME* Britton Hadden, Luce realized after World War I that Americans as a nation were more aware than ever of world problems—"but that their knowledge didn't equal their interest." Luce recalled his father's dictum: "The purpose of education is to make a man feel at home in his universe." That, to him, became the reason for and the aim of his publications.

When *TIME* was founded, the nation's technology and communications had far outstripped its daily newspapers, which remained local, parochial and, for the most part, ineffectually stodgy; the few magazines of comment were not widely circulated. "I do not know any problem in journalism," Luce said later, "which can be usefully isolated from the profoundest questions of man's fate." Yet, he allowed mischievously: "I am all for titillating trivialities. I am all for the epic touch. I could almost say that everything in *TIME* should be either titillating or epic or starkly, superlatively factual."

TIME's blend of the epic and the titillating, its telling of news in terms of people, its belief that medicine, art, business, religion, education and many other aspects of everyday life that were

* Newspaper obituaries parroted a quote from an unnamed "friend" of Luce: "He's a dreamer, with a keen sense of double-entry bookkeeping." In fact, the remark was used by Harpo Marx to describe Alexander Woolcott.



BUST BY JO DAVIDSON
It held together, it was interesting.

largely ignored by the daily press were all newsworthy in themselves, made the magazine a success almost from the start. Most important of all was its founders' guiding concept that the newspaperman's sacrosanct "objectivity" was a myth. Asked once why *TIME* did not present "two sides to a story," Luce replied: "Are there not more likely to be three sides or 30 sides?"

Lucepapers Without Luce. Few journalists in his time labored harder to examine all three or 30 sides of an argument, or strove more conscientiously to see that the facts were presented fairly. *TIME* made judgments, about both issues and men. Looking back on his career, Luce once noted with satisfaction that "all our publications, all our activities, are successful. They are successful not only at the box office, but they are successful also in the opinion of a large part of mankind. This is a considerable consolation for our efforts over the years."

Like any wise general, Harry Luce made sure that there would be no slackening of that effort. In the event of his death, "I want everyone," he said, "to get used to the idea of what they call the Lucepapers without Luce." In 1960, corporate control of *Time Inc.*—in which he then held 17% of the outstanding stock—was transferred to Board Chairman Andrew Heiskell and President James A. Linen. When he retired as Editor in Chief, Luce appointed Hedley Donovan, former managing editor of *FORTUNE*, who for five years had been Editorial Director of *Time Inc.*, as his successor.

After his withdrawal from *Time Inc.*, Luce's pastor, Dr. Read, noted "a strange open and completeness at this point in his dynamic and turbulent career." Neither unconditioned peace nor unequivocal completeness would ever be signal qualities of his magazines, and that, perhaps, was Harry Luce's best legacy to journalism.

He Ran the Course

At last, after a year of preparations and frustrations, the first issue of *TIME*, dated March 3, 1923, was going to press. Soon after midnight, with Britton Hadden in command, almost the entire editorial staff was transported in three taxis from East 40th Street to the Williams Press at 36th Street and Eleventh Avenue, New York. There, until dawn, we stood around the "stones" (tables) at the composing room. Under Hadden's direction we wrote new copy to fill holes, we rewrote to cut and to fit, and everyone tried his hand at captions. It was daylight when I got home and went to sleep. That afternoon, I found an uncut copy of the little magazine in my room. I picked it up and began to turn through its meager 32 pages (including cover). Half an hour later, I woke up to a surprise: what I had been reading wasn't bad at all. In fact, it was quite good. Somehow, it all held together, it made sense, it was interesting.

That description of *TIME*'s birth was the last piece Harry Luce wrote for publication.* And his matter-of-fact summary of what he found in the first issue was what might be said about his own life: it held together, it made sense, it was interesting.

Luce's life was marked by an extraordinary inner consistency. His profound curiosity seems to have been with him from the start. His intellectual style, the way he arrived at ideas and put them into practice—a process often awesome in its intensity—hardly changed over a career that spanned 45 years. Even what he wrote in college rang no note of dissonance with the utterances of his later life. His deeply felt views about religion, country, freedom and society, though they broadened and became more complex, seemed to be present in microcosm during his childhood.

The son of Presbyterian missionaries, the Rev. Henry Winters Luce and Elizabeth Root Luce, he was born and spent the first 14 years of his life in Shantung, the home province of Confucius. From his parents, he absorbed the Calvinist faith and the love of his homeland that were to influence his whole life. Before he was six, he stood on a stool in the mission compound and preached a sermon to the assembled amahs and their children. He later said that he could never remember a time when he did not know all about the U.S. Constitution. He first saw the U.S. at the age of seven, when his parents came home on furlough. At 15, after several months' wandering around Europe, he returned to attend Hotchkiss. He was one of the most traveled but shiest boys of his age.

Rolling-Eyed Greeks. At Hotchkiss, Luce met Britton Hadden, a fiercely competitive boy from Brooklyn. Had-

* It is part of the introduction to a soon-to-be published paperback series based on year-to-year excerpts from *TIME*.

den became editor of the school paper. Luce (the tried to shake off the nickname "Chink") took charge of the literary magazine. Both excelled in Greek, and Hadden's fondness for such Homeric epithets as "rolling-eyed Greeks" and "far-darting Apollo" prefigured his later introduction of such double adjectives into the young TIME. The two boys did not become close friends until they reached Yale, where Hadden became chairman of the Yale Daily News in his sophomore year, an unusual honor prompted by the call of war for his seniors. Luce joined the News' board. But the war intervened, and both were shipped off to Camp Jackson, S.C., as student officer-instructors to the draftees then flooding into the ranks.

It was at Camp Jackson that the idea for TIME was born. There Hadden and Luce, emerging from the sheltered and privileged enclaves of Hotchkiss and Yale, met the rank and file of America for the first time and discovered the huge gap between those who kept up with events and those who did not. That set them to thinking about getting news and knowledge to a wide variety of people. One night they took a long walk through the drill ground and the pine woods beyond, talking about "the paper" that they might some day found. As Luce later said: "I think it was in that walk that TIME began. On that night there was formed an organization. Two boys decided to work together."

To their disgust, the war ended before either could get into action, and they returned to Yale. Hadden took up again as chairman of the Daily News; Luce became its managing editor as well as a contributor of poetry to the literary magazine. "I came to the conclusion," Luce later said, "that I was never going to be a really good poet, so the hell with it." He and Hadden reorganized the Daily News, then determined to go into newspaper work because of their experience there. The "paper" that they had discussed at Camp Jackson still remained a vague and undefined objective. Luce sailed for England to study history at Oxford; Hadden went to work for the New York World.

A year later, Luce returned from Europe with a mustache, a cane, a pair of spats and two dimes in his pocket. He managed to land a job on the Chicago Daily News as an assistant to Ben Hecht. Hecht was a raffish columnist (and later a playwright) who used Luce as a legman to supply suggestions and information about such people as snake charmers and blind violinists. Among the paper's reporters and editors, Luce was considered something of a dandy and a dilettante. Dressed to meet his girl, he ran into the managing editor in the elevator one day. The M.E. looked him over head to toe, then said with withering scorn: "Ah, Luce, a journalist, I see." Luce later said: "I have sometimes said to myself that the one thing I was determined to do was to make 'journal-

ist' a good word. And today it is a good word."

What Money Cannot Buy. Luce and Hadden got together again as reporters for the Baltimore News, but their stay did not last long. They began talking again about "the paper" and finally decided to act. Both 23, they took off for New York with some crude, typewritten dummy sheets for a newsmagazine. Setting up shop in an old remodeled house on East 17th Street, they began to write a prospectus. Luce later recalled that going home one night on the subway "my half-glazed stare fell on an advertisement with the headline, TIME TO RETIRE, OR TIME FOR A CHANGE. I remember the name 'Time' occurring to me. It stayed with me overnight, and when I went in next morning, I suggested it to Hadden and he accepted it immediately."

"People are uninformed because no publication has adapted itself to the time which busy men are able to spend on simply keeping informed," said TIME's prospectus. "TIME is interested not in how much it includes between its

covers but in how much it gets off its pages into the minds of its readers. To keep men well-informed—that, first and last, is the only aim of this magazine has to grind." Even so, declared Hadden and Luce, "the editors recognize that complete neutrality on public questions and important news is probably as undesirable as it is impossible, and are therefore ready to acknowledge certain prejudices." Among them: "Faith in the things which money cannot buy; a respect for the old, particularly in manners; an interest in the new, particularly in ideas."

Luce and Hadden decided that they needed \$100,000 to start TIME, but after a grueling year of canvassing friends and relatives, they could raise only \$86,000. They went ahead anyway and somehow, with a small but aggressive staff of writers, turned out the magazine's first issue. An extraordinary number of prominent men plunked down the 55-per-year price to receive TIME, including Theodore Roosevelt Jr., Walter Lippmann, Herbert Bayard Swope, Edward W. Bok, the Catholic Archbishop-

ON BUSINESS

With eloquence and emphasis, in public print and private word, Luce informed the U.S. businessman that he was a prodigy in the history of mankind—and should therefore live up to the responsibilities of his achievement.

► "The claim of modern industry on the brains and energy and honor and intelligence of man exceeds the claims that have ever before been made upon the intelligence and character of man. Modern industry, if we could only encompass it within our feeble imaginations, is the instrument by which it is given us to achieve in our lifetime nearly all that mankind has struggled for in centuries of blood and sweat and futility." *April 1934.*

► "For centuries the Europeans, and notably the admirable British, kept business in its place. They called it 'trade'—snobbishly and profitably. But *business* is an American word—and the business of business is no longer to provide a 5%-6% interest for the aristocracy, whether in London or Newport or Hyde Park. The business of business is to take part in the creation of the Great Society." *April 1939.*

► Note to a FORTUNE editor on a story of a corporate battle: "I resent the fact that [these men] are fighting for a huge chunk of the 'national estate' without there seeming to be any point to the fight. Neither [one] seems to stand for a damn thing. This is the sort of thing that turns one against capitalism. I resent having these great companies owned by

pointless men like these. And as for these vast investment trusts, I am inclined to think that they should be abolished." *April 1961.*

► "The American economic system is one of the greatest achievements of all times. It is great not only because of its measurable end product; it is great because, on the whole, it is so humane. The American economic system is producing the material basis for the Great Society. The present and foreseeable flood of abundance is not only producing the means for a great civilization; it is forcing us to think in those terms. If anybody doesn't like the idea of civilization building—don't blame it on any literary or ivory-tower types. They didn't cause all this trouble; businessmen did." *June 1964.*

► "Whatever may be the purpose of human life, if any, one thing is clear: that in all past experience, human purpose has had to be worked out primarily within the limited limits of an unbreakable economic equation. That equation was stated in the third chapter of *Genesis* in terms of a divine command: 'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread.' And confirmed by the single economic passage in the Lord's Prayer: 'Give us this day our daily bread.' In mid-20th-century America, bread is a drug on the market. Our problem is not to get bread but to get rid of it. The breaking of this age-old economic equation is, in the sweep of history, just as new as the atom—and much less appreciated." *December 1955.*

op of Baltimore, and half a dozen college presidents.

Eel-Hipped Runagade. TIME was full of innovations in journalism. It was the first national weekly that tried to be both comprehensive and systematic in its coverage. It packaged the news of the week into departments, hired researchers to provide background, and soon began to develop what came to be known as *TIME* style. This was a fresh, sassy and sometimes impudent way of writing marked by double adjectives, alliteration, inverted sentences and frequent neologisms. Hadden was the chief inventor of *TIME* style, and he peppered the young magazine with it. *TIME* called George Bernard Shaw "mocking, mordant, misanthropic," and Erich von Ludendorff "flagitious, inscrutable, unrelenting." It coined "Mussoliniland" for Italy and called drugstores "omnivorous." When Red Grange appeared on *TIME*'s cover, he was described as an "eel-hipped runagade" and G. K. Chesterton became "a paradoxhound."

TIME's first months were rough, but circulation gradually rose until, in 1926, it had reached 118,661. In 1925, *TIME* moved briefly to Cleveland, where it first used color on the cover and adopted the red border. Hadden did not like Cleveland, and the magazine was back in New York a little more than two years later. Hadden and Luce agreed to alternate as editor and business manager, each doing his job for a year. Then, on March 11, 1929, the

partnership ended in tragedy. Hadden died, at 31, of a strep infection. *TIME* was just six years old.

Banana Peel. Editing *TIME* during 1928, Luce, who had an early bias in favor of the activist and the entrepreneur, became especially engrossed in American business. Feeling that the press covered the field inadequately, he assigned a staff to explore the idea of a business magazine. Five months later, he decided the time was opportune. Among the names considered were *Power* and *FORTUNE*. Luce picked the latter because it appealed to his wife, the former Lila Ross Holz of Chicago. They had married in 1923 and had two sons: Henry III, a *Time* Inc. vice president and the head of the London Bureau, and Peter Paul, a management consultant on Long Island.

Luce believed that "America's great achievement has been business"—and he charged a new magazine, *FORTUNE*, to report business not in dull statistics but through drama, personalities and technology. After a year of careful preparation, *FORTUNE*'s first issue, an elegant and handsome magazine with a black and bronze cover, appeared in February 1930. Luce later said that it was difficult to imagine a magazine less likely to survive: *FORTUNE* had walked in on the Great Depression. As a later *FORTUNE* managing editor, Eric Hodgins, put it: "Almost on the eve of *FORTUNE*'s publication, the whole of the economy of the U.S. clapped a hand over its heart, un-



IN ROTC UNIFORM AT YALE (1917)
Civis Americanus sum.

tered a piercing scream, and slipped on the largest banana peel since Adam Smith wrote *The Wealth of Nations*." Yet, surprisingly, the magazine prospered in that dramatically inopportune time. Even at \$1 a copy—then an unheard-of price for a magazine—businessmen bought *FORTUNE* with amazing regularity.

In its first years, *FORTUNE* was more or less a journal of discovery, but the length of the Depression (*TIME*'s editors had felt that "it may last as long as a year") prompted it to begin a study of the stricken economy. As Franklin Roosevelt was elected and power ebbed from Wall Street to Washington, the magazine's editors made Government as much as business the object of editorial scrutiny. In so doing, *FORTUNE* in the early '30s came down very much on the side of the New Deal, reflecting Luce's general approval of the early reforms of the Roosevelt Administration as well as the personal sympathies of *FORTUNE*'s writers and researchers.

Smashing Success. In early 1931, *Time* Inc. launched a new project that had an extraordinary impact on radio broadcasting and later on movie news reporting: *THE MARCH OF TIME*. Put together by Roy Larsen, *TIME*'s vice president (now chairman of the *Time* Inc. executive committee), *THE MARCH OF TIME* could fairly claim to have been the precursor of the TV documentary. Under the aegis of Larsen and Producer Louis de Rochemont, it produced hundreds of provocative films for 15 years before being phased out in the face of TV in 1951. In addition to its value to the art of cinema documentary, it heightened Luce's already considerable interest in the place of pictures in journalism. "Pictures cannot tell all," Luce wrote in launching *THE MARCH OF TIME*. "But what pictures can tell (with the help of a word or two), they tell with a force, an explicitness, an overwhelmingness which re-

ON PEACE THROUGH LAW

► "The American wants nothing so much as to know that his life as an American has meaning and purpose. What is the name of this cause? The answer is: peace through law—and freedom under law. For surely without law there can be neither peace nor freedom. We must conceive of justice as something established prior to us, 'in the beginning,' and also as something which stands out beyond us, in whose work we are privileged to participate. With this kind of concept we can go forth, both humbly and confidently, to speak to other men everywhere, inviting them, praying them to reason together, to discern the general principles which all men may hold in common and thus to proceed to make the world the lawful habitation of mankind." *February 1959.*

► "Our founding fathers said that they presented their case 'with a decent respect for the opinion of mankind.' That did not mean that they were entering into a sort of global popularity contest. Far from it. They knew what they believed—and to their unshakable beliefs they pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor. But they did want as

many people as possible everywhere to know what they were doing and why. Not only then, but down through the centuries. Today we think in our devotion to liberty under law we have something useful to say to all men." *July 1963.*

► "I am myself convinced that the idea of justice and law is more universal, more readily understood than is the concept of political liberty. As we proceed, we will be able to show how justice must make room for liberty and how liberty lives only by and through the law. 'Give us that order which without liberty is a snare, and give us that liberty which without order is a delusion.' Those words state the terms of the great conversation of mankind." *April 1964.*

► "The Sermon on the Mount says: 'Blessed are the peacemakers.' It does not say blessed are the peace-lovers. There's nothing special about a peace-lover. 'Blessed are the peacemakers'—those who work for it, by every means, by diplomacy, by the use of force, but especially by their work to build institutions of justice and habits of reliance on law both within nations and between them." *May 1965.*

portorial words can rarely equal." Recognizing that photojournalism was not merely a sideline of journalism but an independent branch of the craft, Luce decided to start a picture magazine.

The field was wide open in the U.S. Luce promised that the new magazine's purpose would be "to see life; to see the world; to eyewitness great events; to watch the faces of the poor and the gestures of the proud; to see strange things; to see and be amazed; to see and be instructed." As this language suggests, Luce himself chose the name *LIFE* and bought out a humor magazine of that name for his own use.

LIFE promised to scour the world for the best pictures, to edit them with feeling for history and drama, and to publish them on fine paper—a feat made possible by the recent development of fast-drying inks, the engineering of heating units on presses to dry them immediately, and the manufacture of coated paper in rolls.

LIFE was such a smashing success that it nearly smashed Time Inc. Its first run, Nov. 23, 1936, was 466,000 copies—but that was far from enough to meet demand. Succeeding issues of higher runs were similarly grabbed up. *LIFE*'s advertising rates had been set for the first year with the expectation of a small and slowly growing circulation. When the demand for it went beyond the capacity of the presses to print, advertisers swarmed aboard for a free ride, while the bills for paper and ink alone swallowed up the magazine's revenues—and then some. Before launching *LIFE*, Luce had declared: "It can be safely assumed that \$1,000,000 will see *LIFE* safely through to a break-even 500,000 circulation or to an honorable grave." Yet Time Inc. spent \$5,000,000 to keep *LIFE* from dying of success before the magazine finally turned the profit corner in 1939, when its circulation had reached more than 2,000,000. *LIFE*, which hardly needed extra attention, nevertheless got it when it published a frank and explicit (for that day) photographic account of the birth of a baby, Roy Larsen, who had moved to *LIFE*, submitted to arrest to test a ban, was acquitted in court.

Fun & Profit. In the first 15 years of Time Inc., Henry Luce was publisher as well as editor, involved in the planning of major circulation drives, advertising promotion and company investments. His business and administrative ability was as decisive a factor in the company's success as his editorial and news judgment. For many months, he concentrated on getting *LIFE* going, leaving his other magazines—Time Inc. had also acquired *ARCHITECTURAL FORUM*—pretty much to themselves. While *LIFE* was growing strong enough to walk on its own, Luce reorganized management by announcing that henceforth every magazine would have its own publisher as well as an editor. At the same time, he would become editorial director of *TIME*, *LIFE* and *FORTUNE*.

He had had "plenty of fun (and profit) as an entrepreneur," he said, but from now on he wanted to be a journalist. For the next quarter of a century, he turned his attention primarily to the editorial content of his magazines and the affairs of the nation and the world.

TIME's growth—its circulation in 1938 had reached 822,670—had its effects on both the magazine and the country. From more or less a pastepot operation in which its writers clipped from newspapers and magazines to sift and organize the news, *TIME* developed its own news service (its first Washington stringer: Henry Cabot Lodge Jr.), began to be served by the press associations, built up a morgue and reference library, and increasingly depended on its writers' own knowledge for special information and judgments. It also lost some of its early brashness—though not its freshness—as the times became more serious and its influence grew.

The Luce-Hadden invention exerted a great influence on the nation's newspapers, which borrowed (in return for their clippings) some of *TIME*'s style and mode of presentation; the news review section, now a common feature, began to proliferate. A whole generation of young newspaper reporters rebelled against city-room shibboleths, experimenting outside the routine who-what-when-where-why.

"*Les Allemands!*" Luce himself had become, before the age of 40, one of the most successful journalists of his century. After a divorce from his first wife, he married Clare Boothe Luce, playwright and former editor of *Vanity Fair*, and they became leading figures in New York social and intellectual life. Having spent most of his ideas and energies up to now within the confines of his own magazines, he also became a public figure who spoke out on public issues. Luce broke publicly with Roosevelt and

the New Deal in 1937. In a speech to a group of Ohio bankers, he declared that the Depression was continuing because of a lack of business confidence—and that that lack of confidence had been caused by Roosevelt's basing "his political popularity on the implication that business is antisocial, unpatriotic, vulgar and corruptive."

At a time when the overwhelming sentiment in the U.S. was isolationist, Luce was an interventionist. His magazines sought to awaken the American people to external danger and their new world responsibility. *TIME* in the later '30s made clear that it thought Hitler and the Nazis a menace. When the Germans attacked Poland on Sept. 1, 1939, it came forth with a new section called "World War," and boldly led it off with the flat statement: "World War II began last week." Readers protested that it was no such thing, but *TIME* stuck by its new phrase; the phrase stuck, too. *FORTUNE* allowed Wendell Willkie to articulate his philosophy in its pages, thus helped bring him into the national arena and win the 1940 G.O.P. nomination. When the Germans attacked Belgium in May of that year, the Luces were staying at the American embassy in Brussels. They were awakened by a maid rushing in shouting "*Les Allemands!*" and reached the window just in time to see a bomb fall on a house across the square below.

In February of 1941—well before Pearl Harbor—Luce published his famous article on *The American Century*, urging full entry into the war. He prophesied that the U.S. would enter the war eventually, win it, and thereafter assume worldwide responsibilities, including the supplying of vast quantities of food to millions of hungry people around the world. When the U.S. was forced to go to war only a few months later, Time Inc. sent corre-



DONATING BLOOD & READING TIME (1951)

Far outside the routine who-what-when-where-why.

spondents to the battlefields. TIME got a new dimension from the original war reporting of such men as Robert Sherrod, Charles Wertenbaker, Theodore H. White, Noel Busch and John Hersey. Both TIME and LIFE began following U.S. troops and civilians abroad with a number of special light-weight "pony" airmail editions.

Eye on the Future. Luce made several trips abroad, visited the war fronts as often as he was permitted to. On one such trip, as he later described it, "I was standing in front of a fireplace with Winston Churchill. Earlier we had seen a movie, *Custer's Last Stand*, which put the old man in a good mood, and I got him to treat me to a personal account of the Battle of Omdurman. When Omdurman was done, I veered to the question of 'postwar planning.' The next thing I felt was a hearty slap on the back and Churchill saying: 'Never mind about all that, Luce. Just win the war—and then all will be well.'"

Nonetheless, Luce and his publications kept their eye on the future as the battles were being waged. TIME Inc. formed a War Committee to decide what it would do journalistically after the war and how to prepare for it. In several prescient statements, Luce advocated "the end of imperialism throughout the world" and suggested the formation of a United States of Europe. He told his editors in a memo: "The interrelationship between Asia and the West is the greatest new factor in human life." Well before the war ended, both TIME and LIFE were warning their readers that the Russians were not to be trusted.

In the years during and after the war, Luce played an active part in the editorial direction of the magazines, sitting in frequently as managing editor of TIME. Time Inc. emerged from the war with a team of correspondents who eventually became the TIME-LIFE News Service, the world's largest magazine news-gathering operation. It set up a

TIME-LIFE International division to publish both magazines abroad.

Painful Decision. Luce's greatest postwar sorrow was the fall of China to the Communists in 1949. A staunch supporter and friend of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, Luce had nonetheless seen the Red handwriting on the wall. In 1946 he visited Nanking while the mission of General George Marshall was trying to effect a peace between the Kuomintang and the Communists. There, he went to see Chou En-lai, who was then the head of the Chinese Communist mission. Over steaming cups of tea, Chou professed to be weary of the negotiations, said that he would like to visit the U.S. "to study your impressive techniques of modern production." Wrote Luce later: "I must record the utter confidence as well as the good humor with which Chou En-lai spoke to me. While he didn't say so in so many words, I had the chilling feeling that he expected soon to be in control of all China. At the end of my stay, I figured he was right. I knew the Marshall mission had failed." Just before his death, Luce was attempting to get into Red China to try to interview Chou again.

In 1952, Luce—who had supported Republican Thomas E. Dewey for President in 1944 and 1948—was for Dwight Eisenhower both before and after the Republican Convention. Both TIME and LIFE supported Ike's candidacy. Luce went to Paris to look Ike over before the general came back to seek the nomination, and was impressed. "As for myself," Luce wrote later, "I had to make a decision which was personally painful. I respected Taft—as who did not? But I decided I must go for Eisenhower. I thought it was of paramount importance that the American people should have the experience of being under a Republican Administration so that they would not forever associate Republicanism with Depression or with isolationism. I was sure that

ON PERSONALITIES

► "John Foster Dulles was the greatest of the cold-war warriors. His were the fightingest years of that war—and part of his skill was that not one single American died in battle."

► "I like Ike." Never was a political slogan more apt or more successful. They like him today, even though his prestige has diminished. And along with his likeableness, Ike had dignity and the command-assurance of a soldier. The eight Eisenhower years were great years for the Republic."

► "Harry Truman—how badly can history miscast? The American people rather liked him when he first turned up in the White House. He was embarrassingly humble. He said he wasn't up to the job. But there was no escape. He decided, he acted. But for whatever reasons—was it because he was vulgar?—Truman's popularity kept going down, never up, and when he was elected President in his own right in November 1948, it was such a surprise as to seem to be a fluke—which it was. When Harry Truman left the White House in 1953, almost nobody seemed to be sorry to see him go. And yet today, Harry Truman is a candidate for the rank of one of the great American Presidents. He deserves that estimation. He de-

Eisenhower could win. I was not sure that Taft could."

Works, Plays & Prays. With Eisenhower in the White House and his own company in a highly healthy shape (1953 was a year of record revenues of \$170.5 million), Harry Luce looked around for another challenge. In 1954, he and the company decided on a daring venture: a sports magazine that would chronicle "the wonderful world of sport" (Luce's phrase) without the cant and clichés that marked most sport reporting. As he reasoned: "It is a safe premise that there would not be a tremendous interest and participation if sport did not correspond to some important elements—something deeply inherent—in the human spirit. Man is an animal that works, plays and prays. No important aspect of human life should be devalued." The result was SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, which had the largest initial circulation (450,000) in magazine history and has since climbed to 1,250,000 circulation.

During the middle 1950s, Luce spent much of his time in Rome with his wife Clare, who had been appointed Ambassador to Italy by President Eisenhower in 1953. The Italian government gave him an honorary rank, as the ambassador's consort, immediately behind ministers plenipotentiary. But Luce kept discreetly out of the limelight, proudly leaving it to Clare. He studied Italian, roamed through Rome the liked to show visitors the zoo, where he usually



WITH NEW EDITOR IN CHIEF DONOVAN (1964)
Speaking of manifest duty.

& PEOPLE

serves it because in world leadership, he so often did what was so courageously right. He had all the virtues of a Missouri mule."

► Kennedy style! That is the word. The Kennedy style was precisely what Americans needed. It gave a lift to Americans' pride in their country. He was a fun man after hours. Despite the atom bomb and all that, America was again becoming a fun country. Kennedy did not actually accomplish much in a specific sense during his three years in the White House. Neither in domestic nor foreign affairs can a great deal be put to his account. What was important about President Kennedy was not what he did but who he was. In this period of the American century, what millions of can-do Americans needed was not so much the capacity to do as the courage to be."

► On Lyndon Johnson: "By now, the term Great Society has become the object of Bronx cheers and other catcalls, both highbrow and lowbrow. That was only to be expected. As for me, I have just reread [President Johnson's Ann Arbor speech], and I esteem it now, as I did when it was made, as one of the ten or twelve great milestones in American history."

fed the animals), and set up a separate office of his own overlooking the Borghese Gardens. From there, he sent a steady flow of memos and suggestions back to New York, including a critique of the issues of his magazines as he read them.

His retiring stance as the ambassador's husband did not suggest that he ever had any reluctance to challenge the top figures of government. On his way to interview the Emperor of Japan, he asked his companions to help him frame an unusual question: How would you ask the Emperor how it felt to be a mortal and no longer revered as a god? He himself then proceeded to frame the question, simply and in a dignified manner that robbed it of any impertinence. He was a frequent visitor at the White House, particularly during the Kennedy and Johnson administrations, and he never lost a certain awe of the office of the presidency.

Into the Streets. His habit of constant questioning—combined with a cub reporter's curious eye—made Luce a formidable practicing journalist. His questions about President Kennedy's reading speed, asked of the President himself and his relatives, produced the article in LIFE that revealed that the President liked to read Ian Fleming, and thus launched the James Bond boom in the U.S. He also traveled out of his way some years ago to hear and talk with an obscure young North Carolina preacher named Billy Graham, then gave him his

first national exposure in LIFE. Present in Cairo when the Naguib regime was under siege by Nasser, Luce rushed out into the streets full of surging crowds and, using a terrified interpreter, filled a notebook with color, quotes and impressions that he filed off to New York.

Luce was interested in the young and what they thought. Only a few days before his death, on a visit to San Francisco, he insisted on being taken to the Haight-Ashbury beatnik district to observe how today's far-out young play. Whatever was new fascinated him: he could sense development and innovation. Recently, discussing the supersonic transport with one of his reporters, he asked: "When will I be able to fly in it?" He was also interested in the Rule of Law, which became practically a crusade with him as he persuaded Presidents and Prime Ministers to push the cause of international law.

But if there is one thing that most typified Harry Luce, it was his deep and abiding interest in religion. Luce was a religious man in the best sense of that word, without a trace of pietism or holier-than-thouism. A Presbyterian, he served on the board of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church and was active in a campaign to raise \$50 million for the church. He also served as a director of the Union Theological Seminary, where he endowed a chair. But his interest in religion was not primarily institutional. Well versed in theology, he was comfortable with the works and ideas of Teilhard de Chardin, Bonhoeffer, Barth, Kung and Tillich. One of his closest friends was Jesuit John Courtney Murray, and he frequently attended Mass, where he was fascinated by the changes in the liturgy and delighted to find Martin Luther's *A Mighty Fortress Is Our God* in the Catholic hymnal. He liked good singing and good preaching.

Luce was interested in the quest for the historical Jesus. To him, God was a phenomenon to be prodded and investigated as well as prayed to, and nothing

fascinated him more than theological speculation and debate. A woman seated next to him at a dinner was once startled when Luce turned and inquired: "What do you think of the resurrection of the body?" His deep interest in religion early gave TIME's Religion section a theological dimension when most of the press was concerned about Saturday church notices.

Not as Great. Luce resigned his title of Editor in Chief in 1964 and became Editorial Chairman. He spent more time at his home in Phoenix, maintained a less hectic schedule, traveled more. But he continued to send a stream of letters, memos and clippings to New York. He made several speeches a year (he always wrote his own), continued to help the Presbyterian drive, and accompanied a group of business leaders on a TIME-sponsored trip to Eastern Europe last fall.

Some years ago, when asked about the cultural shock of adjusting to the U.S. after 14 years in China, Luce said: "I was never disillusioned with or by America, but I was from my earliest manhood dissatisfied with America. America was not being as great and as good as I knew she could be, as I believed with every nerve and fiber God himself had intended her to be." It was largely his desire to see his country as great as it should be that drove Harry Luce, by his rights, to want to explain it to itself and to others. Perhaps he succeeded a little.

When his good friend John Foster Dulles died, Luce went to Arlington Cemetery and watched as the coffin was lowered. "Then," he later wrote, "people started home, walking in the sunlight and gentle breeze of a May day. The hours had been hours of reverence—and serenity. The last enemy is Death, but Death seems tangibly serene when it can be said of a man: he ran the course, he kept the faith." So, whatever his triumphs and failures, did Henry Robinson Luce.

ALBERT EISENSTADT



WITH WIFE CLARE ON MAJORCA (1962)
"A peace and completeness."

THE WORLD

RED CHINA

Muzzling the Dragons

After seven months of unbridled furor and frenzy in the name of Mao Tse-tung's Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, China continued last week to try to re-establish some measure of stability. Out of Peking's white-tiled Municipal Party Headquarters trudged hundreds of Red Guards, bearing their bedrolls and belongings. Only recently the chosen shock troops of Mao's purge, the youngsters had been evicted by government edict from their erstwhile headquarters and dormitory. They chucked

party workers were being restored to their jobs and to official favor. Above all, as a Central Committee directive made plain, the new theme was unity, specifically a "three-way alliance" among the army, the Red Guards and the party cadres. In one Kweichow cotton mill, reported the New China News Agency last week, 17 Maoist organizations had vied to outdo each other; no longer could China tolerate such extreme factionalism.

Whether China's new sobriety represented a temporary pause or a permanent retreat remained to be seen, Moscow, which probably knows as well as

or less firm control of the local leadership in the capitals of only five provinces: Kiangsu, Shansi, Shantung, Heilungkiang and Kweichow.

The rest of China was in opposition or near chaos. As Japanese Premier Eisaku Sato observed last week to the U.S. ambassador to the U.N., Arthur Goldberg, the Maoists are now "being forced to resort to conciliatory measures" in order to restore some kind of order. But after all that has happened within China during the past year, said Sato, restoring order will "take a long, long time."

THE WAR

Three More Notches

In its campaign to interrupt North Viet Nam's flow of arms and men to the Communist troops in the South, the U.S. possesses a large arsenal of tactics and weaponry as yet unused against Hanoi. Last week the U.S. introduced three new forms of military pressure against the enemy's supply lines. This was the response to the Communist use of the Tet holiday truce last month to funnel some 25,000 tons of war matériel southward. Each of the three new moves was carefully tailored for a specific and precise military mission.

• **NAVAL BOMBARDMENT.** Until last week the U.S. Seventh Fleet, patrolling the Gulf of Tonkin, was authorized to fire only on shore batteries that fired first on them or on radar stations tracking U.S. ships for targeting purposes. Other coastal targets—roads, trucks, trains, SAM missile sites—have been taken care of by the fleet's fighter-bombers, whose activity is drastically curtailed during the moonsoon month of March. Last week Navy guns attacked those North Vietnamese targets as well. The guided-missile destroyer U.S.S. *Joseph Strauss* opened up with 5-in. guns that lob 54-lb. shells from ten to 14 miles. Two minutes later, the guided-missile cruiser U.S.S. *Cunberna* began firing its eight-inches, whose 260-lb. shells carry 17 miles.

The decision to use naval shelling will likely turn March from the safest to the cruelest month for the Communists. The fire-directional-control computers on U.S. warships make Navy guns the most accurate conventional weapons available.

• **ARTILLERY OVER THE DMZ.** More than half the enemy's tonnage that moved southward during Tet was stacked in depots just north of the Demilitarized Zone. To counter that implicit threat, the U.S. artillery moved its 175-mm. "Long Toms" up to Gio Linh, two miles south of the DMZ, and began firing their 147-pounders at Red stockpiles and antiaircraft batteries as far as 20 miles away. Firing back, the Commu-



RED GUARDS ON THE MARCH
Compelling reasons to revoke the license.

their possessions into waiting army trucks and were driven out of the city and presumably back to school or work on the farms.

Harsh words trailed the Red Guards, who for seven months had enjoyed their own license to slander everyone in sight. Though it once cheered them on, the authoritative Maoist journal Red Flag now accused the young revolutionaries of having "begun to rest content with their past achievements" and to "chase after motorcycles, telephones and bicycles and seek a higher standard of living." They had erred also, said Red Flag, in attacking party cadres and thinking that the Cultural Revolution consisted only of "dismissing people from office," with the result that there was "no leader in a herd of dragons."

Change of Tactics. Peking issued pleas to China's 500 million peasants to make certain that spring planting gets under way, and the army was ordered to pitch in and help down on the farm. After nine months' holiday, nearly all primary and some secondary schools were reopened. Skilled government and

anyone what goes on within Peking's inner councils, issued its own official appraisal. The Kremlin conclusion: Mao was merely changing his tactics, not his goals, a change necessitated by the "desperate resistance" of the Chinese people "to the Red Guard outrages."

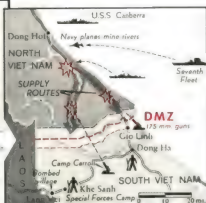
Specter of Famine. No doubt, the Russians are right in assuming that even the Chinese have a nonsense-tolerance threshold that the revolution's excesses have long since passed. But there are other compelling reasons for Mao to order a breather—assuming that he is still giving the orders. Unless the spring planting takes place on schedule, the specter of famine might rise to destroy Maoists and anti-Maoists alike. Last week, for the first time in its 17 years of rule, the Communist regime admitted the existence of an epidemic: meningitis spread through four southern provinces. Moreover, governing the sprawling, disparate reaches of vast China has never been easy, and Mao may well have become alarmed at the extent of rebellion against him. After many months of effort, Mao has been able to claim more

nists peppered the Long Tom positions with 655 mortar rounds in four attacks. They caused only light damage.

•**MINING WATERWAYS.** The aerial bombing of Ho Chi Minh's realm has successively diverted traffic from rail to road and, increasingly, from road to water. To impede two of the water supply routes, Navy A-6 jets took off from the carrier *Enterprise* by night and dropped mines to the bottom of the Song Ca and Kien Giang rivers. The U.S. uses several varieties of mines, which can be touched off variously by contact, by magnetic detection of a metal hull passing overhead, by sound, or even by the slight change in water pressure caused by one boat within range.

•**"Secret Weapon."** The Reds introduced some new military measures of their own: for the first time in the war, they used Russian-built 140-mm. surface-to-surface rockets. The 90-lb. rockets, with a range of some 10,000 yds. but uncertain accuracy, are fired from stubby, easily transportable, disposable tubes of thin sheet metal. For weeks, Viet Cong cadres had been encouraging their troops with the promise of a new "secret weapon," and the 140-mm. rockets were presumably it. In a predawn attack, more than 50 were fired at the Danang airbase, killing eleven U.S. Marines, wounding 33 and damaging some aircraft and equipment. Said First Sergeant Carl Hallgren: "It sounded like 600 freight trains going overhead." Many of the rockets hit the village of Ap Do, just off the Danang runway. In all, 32 Vietnamese civilians were killed, more than 60 wounded and 172 families left homeless.

Unfortunately, American jets also grievously erred last week, bombing the friendly *Montagnard* village of Lang Vei, near the Laotian border, killing 95 civilians and wounding 200. Two delta-wing fighter-bombers dropped anti-personnel fragmentation bombs and delayed-fuse bombs on the mountain people, then swept in to strafe the sur-



before the last enemy snipers fell silent and withdrew, leaving 167 of their dead. The U.S. announced in Saigon that in the previous week Communist forces lost 2,332 dead and 1,108 defectors to the South—both new highs for any week in the war.

INDIA

Strength in Weakness

As the Prime Minister who presided over the worst election setback in the history of India's ruling Congress Party, Indira Gandhi might well have expected to be dismissed from office, for her lackluster campaigning and uncertain leadership contributed to the debacle. Yet, as Congress Party leaders gathered in New Delhi last week to decide what to do next, Indira seemed almost certain to hold her job.

The reason was ironic; many of the party's kingmakers, who had planned to oust her, had themselves been voted out of Parliament and were thus in a weaker position than Indira, who won her own constituency in Uttar Pradesh by a 3-to-1 margin. Most of the surviving leaders, especially the powerful state chiefs, rallied to Indira—though hardly for the best of reasons. They prefer a relatively weak Prime Minister, who will let them run their own affairs with a minimum of direction from New Delhi, to someone like Indira's main rival, former Finance Minister Morarji Desai, 71, who undoubtedly would like to curb their independence. To give Desai less time to collect supporters, the party's parliamentary board moved the selection of Prime Minister forward by three weeks, to March 12. Indira was also helped by a feeling that the party should avoid any further upheavals. Said one state chief: "Enough blood has flowed already."

•**Decline of Discipline.** The hemorrhage was grave. The Congress Party lost 96 seats in the lower house of Parliament, held on to only a 17-seat majority in the 521-seat body. It lost control of five of India's 17 states, and all of the major cities.

Why? The factors making for the Congress Party's unpopularity are not

vivors with cannon fire. It was the worst such allied mistake of the war.

•**150-Ft. Snipers.** In the ground war, Operation Junction City, which for two weeks has had 35,000 infantrymen combing the Red redoubt of War Zone C with scant success, at last flushed out the elusive enemy: A lone U.S. company of the Big Red One 1st Division was inching through sweltering, triple-canopy jungle when it ran into a 500-man Viet Cong battalion. The company suffered heavy casualties as the Viet Cong climbed surrounding 150-ft. trees and shot down into the U.S. defense perimeter before air and artillery strikes and three other U.S. companies could come to the rescue. It was twelve hours



ARMY LONG TOMS FIRING ACROSS DMZ
The arsenal of choice is large indeed.



BIHAR. UNDERNOURISHED CHILDREN



SACRED COW DYING OF STARVATION



SHRIVELED 2½-YEAR-OLD

A time of alliances among the hungry and the opportunistic.

new; they have simply grown worse and more wearisome with the passing of time. For one thing, the party's discipline dissolved: in most states, dissident members bolted and created rival parties that siphoned off millions of votes. For another, India's warring opposition parties finally began to join forces. They accounted for more than 50% of the ballots in three previous elections, but their votes had often been canceled out through disunity. This time they formed alliances to overwhelm the Congress Party, whose share of the total vote fell from 44.7% in 1962 to 39.6%. In the hunger-racked West Bengal, 13 parties got together behind a former Congress Party leader and won control of the state. In Kerala, Bihar, Madras and Orissa, opportunistic alliances unseated Congress-controlled state governments.

Many Indians blamed the Congress Party and government for rising grain prices, which have jumped about 17% in the past year, with the result that the average worker must now spend 60% of his wages on food. Food shortages have forced many Indians to switch reluctantly from native rice to U.S.-supplied wheat. In such drought-stricken states as Bihar and Uttar Pradesh, the government's grain-distribution program has been so ineffective that thousands of people suffer from acute malnutrition and cattle are dying in the streets.

Instability Ahead. Millions of voters nursed other grudges against the Congress Party, which on the state level is often arrogant, inept and corrupt. Farmers resented the fact that they must bribe local officials, mostly Congress Party machine men, in order to buy fertilizer or to get state-backed loans. Entrepreneurs bristled at the way local bureaucrats expect payoffs for transacting even the most minor pieces of business.

The elections generally reflected more

a protest against the Congress Party than an endorsement for the opposition parties. Nevertheless, the election brought into being for the first time a potent opposition force. The rough and tumble of multiparty politics portend a time of instability for India, especially in the important states of Kerala and West Bengal (Calcutta), where governing coalitions of Communists and other left-wingers were formed last week.

GREAT BRITAIN

Wilson Barks Back

"Watch it," warned an angry Harold Wilson in a closed-door meeting last week. "Every dog is allowed one bite. But a different view is taken of a dog that goes on biting all the time. Its license might not be renewed."

The British Prime Minister was not speaking to Ho Chi Minh, Charles de Gaulle or Ted Heath but to members of his own party. They were 60 or so dissident, left-wing Labor M.P.s who for months have been snapping at Wilson's policies. The rebels have outspokenly opposed his stands on Viet Nam (too hard), Rhodesia (too soft), the wage freeze (too tough on the working class), defense (too expensive), and possible entry into the Common Market (too great a surrender of sovereignty). If the rebels do not swing back in line, warned Wilson, he might just call new elections and bar them from running.

Contradictions. That seems highly unlikely, but Wilson made the extreme threat because he needed a solid base of support if he hoped to push through his current European policies, which are somewhat contradictory. One contradiction is evident in Wilson's talk about the state of the British pound: Is it strong or weak? Wilson seemed to want it both ways.

In tripartite British-German-U.S. talks in London on the question of Anglo-American forces in West Germany, Wilson's representative argued that Britain's pound and balance-of-payments position were so strained that the government would have to slash its 55,000-man British Army of the Rhine by two-thirds unless the West Germans helped to offset its foreign-exchange costs of \$250 million a year. But also last week Wilson jettied to the Hague on his fifth mission to Common Market countries and reiterated a now familiar theme. His argument: the pound has become so stable that Britain could enter the market without much of a wrench—or without much danger that market members might have to bail Britain out of future financial crises.

Compromise. Europeans are perplexed because Wilson is talking about reducing Britain's military commitment to the Continent at the same time that he wants to increase the British economic commitment to Europe. In a compromise proposal to keep the Rhine army intact at no damage to Britain's monetary reserves, the U.S. last week suggested that the British go on paying for it, but that Germans promise to invest an equivalent amount in British securities.

As for the Common Market, the French now seem to regard Britain's entry as inevitable—but not likely to take place until 1971 or later. The price of admission is certain to be designed to reduce Britain's international influence. For example, the French are expected to insist that Britain gradually withdraw the pound from its position as a world-reserve currency. Wilson is not likely to balk at such suggestions because leading Britain into the Common Market would offset his failures on other fronts.



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Scotch for people who know the difference.

"Black & White" is the
Scotch for Scotch drinkers.
Light to the taste,
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first sip to last.
The one that sets the
standards for all other
Scotches. The one
you'll stay with.
Tonight, "Black & White."





BRITISH SOLDIER (RIGHT) DISPERSES RIOTERS IN ADEN
Concession only stoked the volcano.

ADEN

Competition of Hate

Situated in the bowl of an extinct volcano, the Arab quarter of the British colony of Aden is known as the Crater. Last week the Crater erupted with belching smoke from terrorists' grenades and bullets. At least 16 people were killed and 46 injured in disorders provoked by rival nationalist organizations. British troops put down street demonstrations with truncheons and tear gas, while the rioters threw up rock barricades across the dingy alleys to hamper them. At stake was the issue of who should rule Aden's 250,000 people when the British make their scheduled departure some time before the end of this year.

Hurled from a Perch. Once a bastion guarding the shipping lanes of the Empire, barren, steamy Aden today has commercial value only as a bunkering port at the entrance to the Red Sea (the colony has oil refineries but no known oil). Last year the British bowed to nationalist demands and announced that they would grant independence in 1968 to a South Arabian federation of Aden and 16 neighboring sheikdoms. The concession only heated up the long-smoldering terrorism. From the tanatological National Liberation Front to the moderate South Arabian League, each nationalist faction tried to outdo the other to prove that it hates the British the most and is therefore best qualified to lead the federation. One potent organization, the Front for the Liberation of Occupied South Yemen (FLOSY), is supported by Egypt's Gamal Abdel Nasser, who has 47,000 troops in Yemen to the north, also foments trouble in other countries on the Red Sea, and would like nothing better than to annex Aden for himself. That would turn the Red Sea into an Egyptian lake,

enable Nasser to control the shipping routes to Ethiopia, Sudan and the western coast of Saudi Arabia.

Last week's violence was touched off by the shotgun assassination of one FLOSY supporter and a bomb blast that killed three young sons of its leader, Abdul Qawee Mackawee, who is in self-imposed exile in the Egyptian-controlled part of Yemen. Later, two snipers in a mosque minaret fired upon some of the 12,000 mourners in a street funeral procession for Mackawee's sons; a mob rushed up to their perch and hurled them to the street, where they were trampled to death. Though the nationalists seemed to be maiming one another at first, the surging street crowds soon began blaming the bloodshed on the British. Two British women were killed by a Czech-made bomb planted by a servant at a cocktail party. British troops with Tommy guns guarded European children at school and European swimmers bathing within the shark nets in the harbor.

Redouble the Blood. So far, Britain has shown no sign that it will abandon plans to withdraw its 14,000-man garrison—despite the pleas of South Arabia's Foreign Minister, Sheikh Mohammed Farid, who was in London last week asking for at least a token British force to guarantee the peace. Plainly worried about Nasser's intentions, the U.S. State Department warned against "unprovoked aggression" in Aden. A three-man United Nations team is to arrive later this month to explore ways to smooth Aden's road to independence. But FLOSY's Mackawee for one has already pledged to "redouble the bloodshed" unless the U.N. mission recognizes his organization as the only representative of the people. Since the other nationalists are unlikely to accept this solution, Aden appears headed for further convulsions.

BRITISH WEST INDIES

Almost Independent

Independence is good for my country. We have no sugar, but we got tourism. Papa Bird is the Muse of Antigua.

The "Papa Bird" celebrated in this popular calypso song is Vere Cornell Bird, a mulatto who for two decades has been the prophet of Antigua independence. Ever since Britain began the evacuation of empire, even the tiniest of its island colonies in the West Indian crescent have craved recognition of its separate identity. Last week Britain granted "associated statehood"—something above colonial status but below independence—not only to Antigua but also to Grenada, St. Lucia, Dominica and the group of St. Kitts-Nevis-Anguilla. In May, St. Vincent will get "associated statehood." The new states will conduct most of their affairs through popularly elected legislatures, but by mutual agreement, Britain will handle (and pay the bills for) their foreign affairs and defense. Full independence is a luxury that none of them can afford.

African slave labor once scraped fortunes for British planters from the soil of these lush islands, but today they are rich only in scenery, have precarious, one-crop economies, which have been hurt by increased competition abroad. The St. Kitts-Nevis-Anguilla group (pop.: 60,000) suffers from uncertain prices for its sugar. The fortunes of St. Lucia (100,000), Grenada (88,000) and Dominica (67,000) slide or surge along with the world price for their bananas. Only Antigua (65,000), with its casino and 33 hotels, attracts a sizable tourist crowd; it needs visitors more than usual this year because drought has ruined the sugar crop.

The best hope for prosperity seems to



be some form of regional grouping that would enable the West Indians to combine their resources. The five new states have agreed to establish a single supreme court—but so far, that is all. Past attempts at federation have flopped. The most notable one collapsed in 1962, when the larger islands of Jamaica and Trinidad-Tobago, fearing that the smaller islands would become an economic burden on them, opted for full independence instead of a federal arrangement. One of the strongest opponents of federation was Antigua's Papa Bird, whose title last week was elevated from Chief Minister to Premier. He has a point when he argues that islands with different histories and customs would not merge smoothly at present. For example, English-speaking Antigua, which has a pronounced partiality for the U.S. through contact with tourists and the Virgin Islands, differs from such southerly islands as St. Lucia, where a Creole patois is widely spoken and the culture is French.

Yet even Papa Bird recognizes that "one day the islands will get together." No one doubts that their newly achieved status of separate, quasi independence is only temporary.

WAR CRIMES

A Penny a Head

Two years ago, a nattily dressed German climbed three flights of stairs to a shabby, document-cluttered flat in Vienna's Rudolphplatz, sat down to face Simon Wiesenthal. Said the visitor, an ex-Gestapo agent: "I know where you can find Franz Stangl—but it is going to cost you \$25,000."

Stangl, the wartime chief of the Treblinka concentration camp, was obviously of interest to Wiesenthal, a man possessed with chasing down escaped Nazi war criminals. When Wiesenthal protested that his Jewish Documentation Center did not have anything like \$25,000, the Gestapo veteran began to

dicker: "How many people did Stangl murder?" Wiesenthal's answer: about 700,000, including 400,000 Jews and the rest Christians and assorted anti-Nazis. "All right," said the visitor. "I'll give you a special price. How about a penny a head? That makes \$7,000."

Trembling with rage, Wiesenthal replied: "It's a deal."

Last week, in the comfortable São Paulo suburb of Brooklin, Brazilian plainclothes police, acting on information provided by Wiesenthal, picked up Stangl. He had just returned home from his mechanic's job at a Volkswagen plant, was relieved to discover that the cops were not Israeli agents, like the ones who had nabbed Adolf Eichmann. Said Stangl: "I knew I would be captured." Sighed his wife: "Franz was always an excellent head of the family, although a little too austere."

Second Eichmann. Now jailed in Brasília, Stangl, 58, will probably be shipped back to his native Austria: West Germany, as well, wants him to stand trial. He is charged with killing 30,000 infirm and mentally defective Germans and Austrians early in the war at Hartheim Palace, near Linz, which was used as a "training center" to prepare SS men for work in concentration camps. Later, as chief of the camps at Sobibor and Treblinka in Poland, he earned Wiesenthal's name for him: "the second Eichmann."

Stangl was one of 800 such killers so far tracked by the Jewish Documentation Center, Wiesenthal's one-man operation. A Polish-born architect, Wiesenthal survived five years at Mauthausen and other concentration camps, helped forge his wife's "Christian" papers to spirit her out of the Warsaw ghetto; together, they lost 87 relatives to the Nazis. Since the war's end, he has carried on his search, helped by cash contributions from many parts of the world. In his new book, *The Murderers Among Us* (to be published this month in the U.S. by McGraw-Hill), Wiesenthal meticulously documents the

fevers and frustrations of hunting Nazis. His search for Stangl followed much the same painstaking process that Wiesenthal had earlier used to help track Adolf Eichmann and Karl Silberbauer, the captor of Anne Frank.

Wiesenthal came across Stangl's name in 1948, when he saw the signature scrawled on a gruesome list of "deliveries" from Treblinka to Berlin: "25 freight cars of women's hair . . . 248 freight cars of clothing, 319,000 pounds of gold wedding rings . . . several thousand strings of pearls." Soon Wiesenthal's Stangl file bulged with newspaper clips and anonymous postcards, as well as recorded conversations with the fugitive's relatives, friends and neighbors. Conflicting reports were checked and rechecked, sources investigated for reliability and motive. From an Austrian forwarding agent, Wiesenthal learned that Stangl's furniture had been shipped to Damascus, Syria. In the early 1960s, the trail grew cold until a relative unwittingly confessed that Stangl and his family had moved from Syria to Brazil. Almost 20 years after the search began, the mosaic was completed by the paid ex-Gestapo informer.

Where's Bormann? Stangl was only No. 4 on Wiesenthal's most-wanted list of war criminals whom he believes to be still alive. The others: Josef Mengele, the clean-cut doctor who decided which prisoners were to be gassed at Auschwitz; Martin Bormann, Hitler's chosen successor; and Heinrich Müller, who succeeded Himmler as chief of the Gestapo. Wiesenthal says he has evidence that Mengele and Bormann are well guarded in Latin America; Müller has been reported in several places, including Albania.

Stangl weighed so heavily on Wiesenthal's mind that he constantly carried a photo of the fugitive in his wallet. Last week Wiesenthal removed the picture and tore it to bits.

SOUTH KOREA

Hope in the Hermit Kingdom

To the spartan people who have lived there for 4,000 years, to the Japanese conquerors who ruled it for 35 years ending in 1945, to the U.S. troops who fought there in the 1950s, Korea usually seemed a land of painful yesterdays and even darker tomorrows. Recurrent wars, occupations, famines and coups sapped its spirit and resources. For a generation, it has been split into two bitterly hostile parts: the Communist North and the non-Communist South. But today, South Korea can take credit for some remarkable gains in the difficult task of nation-building. The picture is not all bright: the country suffers from moral and material problems endemic in much of Asia. Still, South Korea could serve as something of a model for other troubled and divided countries, including South Viet Nam.

Winning the West. Under President Chung Hee Park's six-year-old government, South Korea is constructing a po-



WIESENTHAL IN VIENNA



STANGL UNDER ARREST IN BRAZIL

One down and three more to go.



NEW HOUSING IN SEOUL



PARK OPENING RAIL LINE



ROK TROOPS PRACTICING KARATE IN VIET NAM

Something remarkable in the land of painful yesterdays.

litical and economic base that is the envy of its Asian friends. Factories and homes are sprouting in Seoul (pop. 3,700,000) and other cities. New roads are piercing deep into the harsh hills of the interior. "When we hammered in the spikes for a new railroad recently," said Deputy Prime Minister Key Young Chang last week, "I was reminded of American cowboy movies and the winning of the West."

The change in this longtime dependent country is not just physical but also psychological. Asia's once isolated "hermit kingdom," as it was called by 19th century missionaries, is becoming a viable, if somewhat fragile, democracy and is reaching out toward the world with more self-assurance than it has ever known. To South Viet Nam it has sent 10,000 engineers and 46,000 battle-shrewd "ROK" (Republic of Korea) troops. Through the Asian Pacific Council, it plays a leading role in promoting regional cooperation. Next week President Park will receive a U.S. economic mission, and South Korea's Prime Minister II Kwon Chung will be in Washington discussing Korean and Viet Nam development with President Johnson. Chung will ask for U.S. financial aid to enlarge Korea's engineering corps in South Viet Nam to as many as 50,000 men, have them undertake an intensive program of building schools, bridges and roads within Korea's assigned area of military responsibility.

War Boom. The prime force in Korea's resurgence is President Park, the taciturn ex-army general who seized power in a 1961 coup, then went public two years later and held elections, squeezing into office by 156,000 votes, out of 11 million cast (in a population of 27 million). Going to work on the country's feeble economy, Park devalued Korea's inflated currency, lured new investment with tax concessions and low-wage labor and started a five-year development plan. To help pay the

bill, Park even ignored virulent anti-Japanese feelings in Korea and normalized trade and diplomatic relations with Korea's former overlord. In return, Japan came through with \$800 million in loans and grants.

As Park's government embarks on its second five-year plan, Korea is pulsing with activity. The war demands of Viet Nam have created a huge export market for uniforms, boots, rubber goods, plywood, construction materials and galvanized sheet plate. This, along with other expanding Asian civilian markets, helped to lift the country's commodity exports last year to a record \$255 million. To reduce imports, South Korea's first oil refinery, built two years ago at Ulsan, is being expanded, and another \$50 million refinery is going up at Yosu, providing the base for a \$100 million-a-year petrochemical industry. A four-nation consortium of firms is planning a \$100 million iron and steel mill on the coast. Plans are also under way for \$300 million worth of power plants that will more than double the country's generating capacity by 1971.

Price of a Patriot. Park permits the press and politicians to say almost anything they choose. Last September he even refused to intervene after an opposition member of the National Assembly, carried away by an emotional debate, poured a can of excrement over the heads of Park's Cabinet ministers. But Park's tolerance does have its limits. His government maintains a midnight-to-4-a.m. curfew over most of the country, and has enacted a tough anti-Communist law that gives the security police and the courts wide leeway in dealing with real or imagined subversives. One young writer who published a blistering allegory of American influence in Korea, called *The Dung Hill*, is being tried under the law because his short story was picked up and reprinted in North Korea.

To guard against frequent subversion

attempts from the North, Park maintains a 600,000-man army along the 151-mile, tense demilitarized zone separating the two Koreas; they are backed up by 50,000 U.S. troops. Park has also sealed the border area with a high wooden fence and hundreds of "K.P.s," or killing posts, manned by ten-man teams of sharpshooters. Not even mail is permitted to pass. To catch agents who do slip through, bounty signs are scattered all over the country, offering 200,000 won (about \$700) for the capture of enemy agents. "Become a patriot and become rich," they urge, "by catching a spy."

50¢ a Day. With new elections approaching in May, opposition politicians are speaking out more and more. "The rich are getting richer," says Opposition Candidate Po Sun Yun of the New Democratic Party, "and the poor are getting poorer. Small and medium-sized businessmen and farmers are suffering under the government's economic policies"—mass-production policies which clearly favor the larger, more efficient producers.

Park admits that there are conspicuous problems, including corruption at lower levels of government. Unemployment amounts to 7% of the country's labor force, and another 25% are underemployed. Some working women earn as little as 50¢ a day, and per-capita income last year was only \$123, compared with Taiwan's \$225 and Japan's \$740, the two highest in Asia. But starvation has been almost completely eliminated, the literacy rate has been lifted to 90%, and the traditional spring question—enough rice or revolution?—is a bitter memory of the past.

The country is still clearly on the move, and Park seems likely to move with it, right back into Seoul's blue-roofed presidential residence. "Not all government officials are doing the right things on all levels," he allows, "but we are trying, and we are learning."

PEOPLE



THE BURTONS & PRINCESS MEG
Wagers on worry.

She had the gossips to worry about, what with her husband traipsing off to Tokyo and New York and the newspapers printing rumors about a rift in the family. He had the critics to worry about, what with tackling Shakespeare on screen for the first time—and with his wife as a co-star. So Actor **Richard Burton** asked the obvious question when he encountered **Princess Margaret** at the London premiere of *The Taming of the Shrew*: "Are you as nervous as I am?" She sure was, said Meg. She was ready to bet on it. Burton was more than willing, and he was confident that he had the greater stakes. "I've got my own money in that film," he explained.

The newsmen at New York's Kennedy Airport had a little trouble with titles when Israel's ex-Prime Minister **David Ben-Gurion**, 80, arrived with his wife for a three-week visit to the U.S. Some reporters called the indelible old statesman "Mr.," others "Prime Minister." The Mrs. set them straight. "Ben-Gurion would be the nicest thing," she said. "Prime Minister anyone could be—Ben-Gurion nobody could be." Said B. G. with a smile: "I'm not responsible for her answers." New York's **Governor Nelson Rockefeller** got all mixed up too. When he greeted Ben-Gurion at the Hotel Plaza, Rocky started out: "It's such a pleasure to welcome you to your second home in New York State..." In mid-sentence, Ben-Gurion cut in: "This is my third home—my second is in Tel Aviv" (his first is Plonsk, Poland). "All right," said Rockefeller, "we'll settle for third."

Oh, the wails that came out of the Oront last month when Folk Singer **Joan Baez**, 26, was on a tour of Japan. And the noise was not just protest songs. Joan complained bitterly that the CIA had pressured her Japanese interpreter into censoring her public comments

about Viet Nam and the Bomb. But when she returned to San Francisco and called a press conference, all Joan wanted to talk about was love and peace. Newsmen persisted: What about those dark tales of CIA meddling? "We don't have a shred of evidence," admitted Joan's manager. Then the alleged interference hadn't hurt the tour? Said Joanie, with a Cheshire smile. "Obviously, it was enhanced by this."

Downstairs, the 70 Congressmen were huddled with the President. Upstairs, their wives discovered that a White House is a home, as four former residents invited by Lady Bird entertained them with stories about the good old days. **Charles Taft** remembered how he and **Brother Robert** annoyed Papa by jamming an elevator and flicking spitballs at the solemn portraits on the walls. "Sistie" **Dall** **Seagraves** recalled a testy bit of advice from Grandmother **Eleanor Roosevelt**: "Go find a bathtub to cry into." **Margaret Truman Daniel** told of the spooky night she shared Lincoln's bed with two school chums: Father Harry had planned to throw a scare into the girls by sending in a servant dressed in his inaugural top hat—only he couldn't find the top hat. For **Barbara Eisenhower**, moving out of the White House was a moving experience. "This is the end of something beautiful," she remembered saying—and son **David** replying: "Don't worry, Mother. I put notes behind all the pictures, and they say 'I shall return'."

What with diplomatic relations so bagevish and all, nobody was quite sure what would happen when Malaysian Premier **Abdul Rahman** (handicap: 24) and Singapore Premier **Lee Kwan Yew** (handicap: 12) met in the Kuala Lumpur diplomatic corps' annual golf tournament. Happily, nothing much went up in the air on the 5,000-ft.-high,

nine-hole course at Tanah Rata except divots. Lee laughed pleasantly when **Tunku Rahman** turned up in a tweed deer-stalker hat, and looked even happier when he and his partner romped home as the best pair, with a score of 68. The Tunku shot well over 100 but accepted it philosophically. "If I play well, then I am golfing," he said. "If I play badly, then—well, I'm just out for the exercise."

Ever since Architect **R. Buckminster Fuller**, 71, was chosen to design the U.S. exhibition hall at Expo 67, the Montreal world's fair has known that there was a big bubble in its future. How big? Big enough, said **Bucky Fuller**, as he shook out the plans for a \$9,300,000 geodesic bubble of transparent plastic and steel spacious enough to hold the Statue of Liberty without its pedestal. Not only will the 250-ft., by 200-ft. sphere be the most imposing structure on the fairgrounds, where 62 nations are competing for attention, it will also have a totally controlled environment. A computer system will direct 261 electric motors operating 4,700 metallic-fabric shades on the inside surface of the gigantic globe, regulating temperature and changing the dome's color from silver to rainbow. The general reaction was summed up adequately, if somewhat unimaginatively, by a fair official: "It's wild."

"They are glorious, glorious. Without them life would be a blank." So wrote **Charles Dickens** about the Victorian craze for mustaches. A century later another British dandy, **Beattie George Harrison**, decided to fill the blank between nose and lip with a splendid Pancho Villa brush. George grew his on a sojourn to India, and when he came home, **John**, **Paul** and **Ringo** began theirs at once and told their business manager **Brian Epstein** to please follow suit. Always leaders in matters hirsute, the boys have inspired soup strainers all over Europe. **Terence Stamp** and **Jean-Paul Belmondo** have shaggy profiles now, but the thickest thatch belongs to **Sean Connery**. He thinks it might make people forget about 007.



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And a racing-type torsion bar suspension system.

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Do you?



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Armco has many specialists like Product Manager Howard Rodgers—product specialists, application engineers, market specialists, research engineers and many more. They work with people in every industry to help them get the



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better
for you

wants nothing to television.

The steels we recommended for color T.V. are a lot like the ones we make for big generators. Reliability is mighty important. Sure would hate to miss my favorite program.



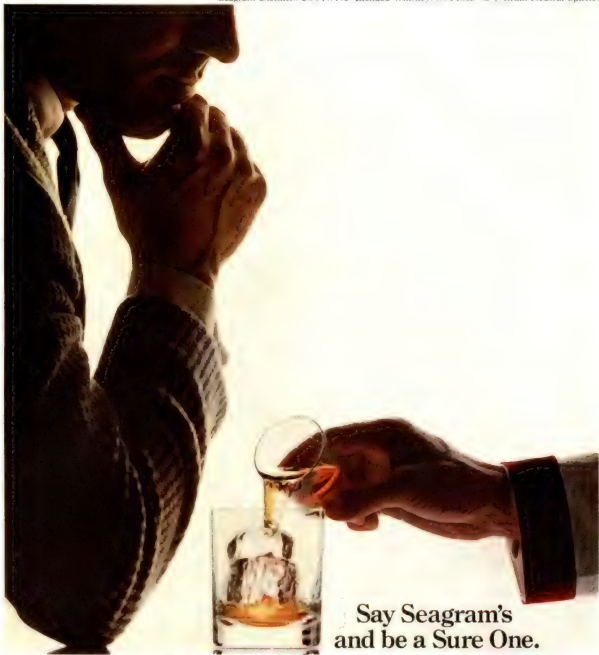
They're using our electrical steels in three of the transformers power, audio and vertical output. They cut size and weight and reduce heat that can cause trouble in the set.

most from Armco steels and steel products. And if they can't solve a problem with existing steels, they do something about it. This is why new steels are born at Armco. Armco Steel Corporation, Middletown, Ohio.

ARMCO STEEL



Seagram Distillers Co., N.Y.C. Blended Whiskey. 86-Proof. 60°, Grain Neutral Spirits.



Say Seagram's
and be a Sure One.

What's a "Sure One"? This is what our dictionary says: "**Sure One** (shōōr wūn) n. 1. an astute person who chooses Seagram's 7 Crown because of its smoothness, its constant quality and its unvarying good taste in every drink, straight or mixed. 2. an affectionate nickname for the world's most popular brand of whiskey. Seagram's 7 Crown." For further information, consult your local bartender. Or just say Seagram's and find out for yourself.

Seagram's 7 Crown—The Sure One.



THE PRESS

PUBLISHING

A Cordial Welcome for Newhouse

Usually when Publisher Sam Newhouse takes over a newspaper he is resented as an outsider and a lot of local feeling builds up against him. In Cleveland last week just the opposite happened. Announcing the purchase of the 125-year-old Plain Dealer by Newhouse, Publisher Tom Vail, 40, added that he could not be happier. "What we have now is a newspaperman committed to our programs. His first interest is the paper and its future."

Ever since he took over as publisher in 1962, ambitious Tom Vail, a descendant of Plain Dealer Founder Liberty E. Holden, had been chafing at the management of the bankers and lawyers who run the six trusts controlling the paper. "They are money people; not newspaper people," he complained. "They wanted to diversify." Then along came Newhouse, who had been trying to buy the paper, off and on, for years. In negotiations that were secret even by Newhouse's ultra security-conscious standards, he finally made a \$500-a-share offer. The stockholders, who were dissatisfied with the dividends they were receiving, found the offer too generous to resist. To get 91% control of the Plain Dealer, Newhouse paid \$50 million—the highest price ever recorded for a U.S. newspaper.

Newhouse is just as pleased as Vail. With its circulation of 377,000, the Plain Dealer becomes the biggest paper in his chain of 22 U.S. dailies. As part

of the deal, Newhouse also picked up a community TV antenna company, some lakeshore property on Cleveland's west side and the Art Gravy Corp., which prints Sunday supplements.

Moreover, Newhouse is getting a paper that has been making a name for itself. Energetic Vail has considerably improved the editorial content with imaginative local coverage and investigative reporting. Under his five-year-old regime, circulation has jumped 15%, putting the Plain Dealer closer to the afternoon Cleveland Press circulation of 382,000.

As he normally does with papers he has acquired, Newhouse is leaving the present management, namely Vail, in control. "I have a freer hand than before," says Vail, who believes that Newhouse—unlike the bankers—will give him backing in his plans for further expansion.

Times Mirror Expands Again

Always on the lookout for new acquisitions in the "knowledge industry," the Times Mirror Co. last week announced the purchase of *Popular Science*, the 95-year-old magazine that mixes some explanations of pure science with practical tips for the man who likes to work with his hands. Along with *Popular Science*, Times Mirror picked up another magazine called *Outdoor Life*—plus a producer of audio-visual aids linked to the magazines and two book clubs.

It may seem quite a reach for the company that publishes the Los Angeles Times to acquire a Manhattan-based magazine. But for the past six years, the Times Mirror has gone on a shopping spree, snatching up publishing companies right and left. Today, the Times Mirror is one of the nation's largest publishers of paperback books; it also puts out Bibles and dictionaries, art and medical books, airline flight manuals, slide rules and even service-station road maps. It publishes the San Bernardino (Calif.) Sun and Evening Telegram and, south of Los Angeles, the Orange Coast Daily Pilot. According to Times Mirror President Albert Casey, it is the company's ambition to double its earnings in the next five years. In 1966, they stood at \$18,455,550.

BROADCASTING

Above It All

"Well," began the report, "we've got another two-car accident, oh boy! One driver is out of his car kicking the side of the other car. Now the car that was being kicked has pulled away. Now the other car is in hot pursuit. We're going to follow and see what happens. The injured party has apparently caught his victim or—ha ha—his aggressor. One car is crossways in the righthand lane



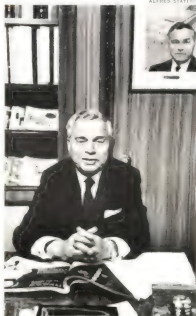
TRAFFIC REPORTERS ROSS & LANGE
Sauce for the "spaghetti bowl."

and the other directly behind him. We'll keep an eye on the scene."

That was how the news looked to Barney Stutesman one recent morning as he hovered over Detroit in a helicopter outfitted with white carpeting and white Naugahyde upholstery. A onetime U.S. Army pilot who is now a traffic watcher for radio station WXYZ, Stutesman is one of a growing tribe of hardy newsmen (and women) who hop into a Cessna or helicopter in the early-dawn hours, brave snow, fog and smog to report the traffic below and watch for fast-breaking news stories like fires and explosions.

Gapers' Block. Veteran traffic reporters get a thrill out of unsnarling a traffic jam and speeding frustrated motorists on their way. "When I mention an alternative route, I can actually see the traffic swing and I know they're listening," says Frank Burany of Milwaukee's WTMJ. "A guy has to be clean out of his head not to appreciate it." Often, a watcher cannot do much to unsnarl traffic. Even so, the reports can have a tranquilizing effect on a harassed driver; at least someone knows of his plight and seems to care. After her husband was stuck in the blizzard of '67 for five hours, a Chicago housewife wrote radio station WGN's two watchers: "How can I tell you boys just how grateful our city is? Bless you and your wings."

For some watchers, it is all business. They just give the facts, with no frills. Others develop a distinctive line of patter. They try to cheer up stalled motorists with a little humor. "There must be a lot of ladies out tonight," Warren Boggs of San Francisco's KSFJ likes to say. "I see cars swerving in and out of traffic lanes." Reporting for New York's WCBS, Bob Richardson and Neal Busch



SAM NEWHOUSE
Too much to resist.

call themselves "Orville" and "Wilbur," their helicopters "help-o-copters." Last month Los Angeles' KABC hired a pair of chatty girls, blonde Kelly Lange and brunette Lorri Ross, to be traffic spotters. Outfitted in snug, silver pants, the girls quickly mastered the special vocabulary used to describe the chaos beneath them. In the lingo of the traffic reporters, "gapers' block" is a tie-up caused by motorists slowing down to gape at an accident. "Spaghetti bowl" means an intersection where cars habitually pile up. "Car-pool kamikazes" refers to autos overloaded with commuters who are not watching where they're going.

Hazards Aloft. When a helicopter broadcaster spots unusual activity below, he stops directing traffic and starts gathering news. Last spring Milwaukee's Burany heard a police report that a car had been stolen. He spotted the car below, tailed the thief after he had abandoned it, finally guided the police to him. "There just wasn't any place for him to hide," says Burany. Major Bruce Payne of Los Angeles' KGIL helped police pursue a herd of escaped horses that were galloping through suburban Burbank.

For obvious reasons, traffic reporting is one of the most hazardous jobs in journalism. In the past ten years, at least ten traffic reporters have died in crashes. "If we can see and the wind is under 40 miles per hour, we go," says John Wagner of Kansas City's KMBC. "I've had a few knots on my head from banging against the glass while I'm trying to look out." In addition to watching out for traffic below, a reporter has to worry about ice accumulating on his rotor blades, the wash from a jet that can upend a helicopter—and traffic above.

Yet for all the dangers, the satisfactions continue to lure traffic watchers aloft. "This is one job where you can see the results of your work," says Kevin O'Keefe of Boston's WHDH. "At dusk, when I suggest that motorists turn their lights on, it looks like a Christmas tree lighting up down there."



GHILAN

CENSORSHIP

A Colonel Second

The item moving over the A.P. ticker alarmed the U.S. embassy staff in Bonn. Michael McCreche, 19-year-old son of the U.S. Ambassador to West Germany, George McCreche, had been arrested in California for driving under the influence of LSD. The embassy's public affairs counselor, Albert Hensing, phoned Colonel George E. Moranda, 49, U.S. Army information chief in Europe, and asked him to keep the story out of the Army daily, Stars and Stripes—at least until the case came to court.

A newsman first and a colonel second, Moranda objected. He called his superior officer, Major General Francis Paehler, U.S. Army Chief of Staff in Europe, to argue that the McCreche item was news that should not be suppressed. Paehler disagreed, told him to kill the story. Moranda replied that he would do so only on direct orders. The orders were given, and Moranda called Stars and Stripes—but it was too late. The first two editions had already come out with the story; it was suppressed only in the last two. Not that anyone in Germany would have had the slightest difficulty learning the news. It was carried in the German press.

Next day, Moranda was sacked. Though he had served only seven months of a three-year tour of duty, he was ordered to take a job with the chief of the Office of Information in the Pentagon. The Army claimed the reassignment was "routine," and it might have gone unnoticed. But last week the Overseas Weekly, a privately owned paper put out for enlisted men, broke the story.

A trim, competent career officer who holds the Bronze Star, Colonel Moranda was depressed at losing his job. But he has the comfort, at least, of knowing that the House Subcommittee on Foreign Operations and Government Information will investigate the affair. And on the eve of his departure from Eu-



MOHR

rope, Stars and Stripes presented him with a certificate making him an honorary lifetime editor. The citation read: "In recognition of his having daringly espoused and cherished the cause of a free press by remaining contumacious in the face of critics."

Exposing International Secrets

For incurring official wrath, two Israeli editors were dealt even harsher punishment than Colonel Moranda. Last December, Shmuel Mohr and Maxim Ghilan decided to try a little political sensationalism to boost the circulation (10,000) of their sex-oriented magazine, *Bul*. Under the headline "Stinking International Affair," they wrote that Israeli government officials were hushing up facts about the kidnapping of Moroccan leftist Mehdi ben Barka in 1965. Not only were the French and Moroccan secret services involved in the plot, suggested *Bul*, but so was Israel.

As soon as he learned of the story, Israeli Minister of Justice Chaim Shapiro ordered all copies of *Bul* confiscated and the two editors thrown in jail—nominally for espionage, but actually because Premier Levi Eshkol feared mention of any link between Arab Morocco and Israel. Eshkol had privately told a group of editors, not including *Bul*'s, that Israel had helped organize the Moroccan secret service in return for fair treatment of Moroccan Jews. Later, Eshkol said, the Moroccans had asked Israel to help kidnap Ben Barka, but Israel had refused to commit itself. Even so, if word of close ties between the two countries were to get out, Eshkol was afraid that it would jeopardize Israel's relations with Morocco as well as with France, where, last October, six persons went on trial in Paris for the kidnapping. The trial was adjourned when the chief of the Moroccan secret police suddenly arrived to give himself up. A new trial is set for next month.

When *Bul* hinted at the story, Minister of Justice Shapiro ordered the magazine to put out a revised edition with the nudes in place of the offending story. Later, at a secret trial, Editors Mohr and Ghilan were each sentenced to a year in prison. Despite all the precautions, the foreign press broke the story. Only then was the Israeli press allowed to tell it, too.

Though they conceded that the government had acted hastily, Israeli journalists hardly rallied to the side of their imprisoned colleagues. Since the creation of Israel, newsmen have taken a rigorous censorship for granted because of the ceaseless hot-and-cold war with the Arab nations. Only one paper, Ha'Aretz, which has no party affiliation, sharply criticized the government. "While the *Bul* publication could have hurt the interests of the state," said an editorial, "that harm is nothing compared with the harm caused Israel by the secret arrests and trial. Whoever reads the description of the affair will get a sad picture of our nation."

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They're stronger than humans, even.



SHOW BUSINESS

TELEVISION

This Is The Network That Is

One of the best shows on BBC television is a situation comedy called *Till Death Do Us Part*. Its protagonist is a sort of Everyman, an odiously vulgar xenophobe named Alf Garnett (played by Warren Mitchell). Every Monday night at 7:30, old Alf gets on and starts sputtering away. West Indian cricket players? "It's amazing how them sambos have picked this game up." The Labor government? "Right load of pansies, they are." Prince Philip? "Well, he's a different sort of Greek; he isn't one of your restaurant Greeks."

There is not a sponsor in all U.S. television who would countenance that

This same will toward self-conscious candor goes into another popular series, a running serialization of the *Forsyte Saga*. As soap operas go, it beats the U.S. product on all levels—story, acting, direction. One recent episode centered on the scene in which Soames Forsyte, raging with jealousy, assaults his wife, crying, "Any man can have you! I can have you!" And he does, with the camera discreetly turning its head at the proper moment.

Last week viewers also could watch and listen to the last in a series of unadorned but affecting performances of Bach's six Brandenburg concertos: this week they will see a taped special production of *Eugene Onegin*. *Cathy Come Home*, a recent drama about the British

filling TV parts between performances, and are content to work for modest fees. Jonathan Miller's recent *Alice in Wonderland*, for example, starred Peter Sellers, Sir John Gielgud and Sir Michael Redgrave, in addition to Newcomer Anne-Marie Mallik as Alice.

Another contributing element in BBC's success is its financial independence. It is neither an Establishment organ nor, as most Americans believe, a state-controlled or state-financed network. Its programming budget runs \$65 million a year, only half what NBC-TV spends. And that money comes from the viewers themselves, who pay an annual \$14 license fee for their radio and TV sets. The advantage, Sir Hugh explains, is "freedom from commercial pressure." The U.S. commercial networks depend on sponsors' support, which is in turn susceptible to audience ratings—"a mortal danger" that Sir Hugh is largely spared. Thus the BBC can program for minority audiences. "We can afford to take risks because we have our assured source of income, which we can spend as we think right. It may be better to give intense pleasure to a small number of people than mild pleasure to a greater number."

Savage Satire. Only a dozen years ago, BBC was a stodgy and prissy old "Auntie." In those days, its nighttime newscasters wore black tie and BBC had a monopoly. But in 1954, ITV was granted a commercial channel, and within a few years cornered 73% of the British viewing audience. One reason was that ITV concentrated on entertainment programming, such as *Coronation Street*, an Anglicized version of *Peyton Place*. The other reason, believes Sir Hugh, was that "the BBC had the aura of the Establishment then; to a lot of people, ITV was 'us' v. 'them' on the BBC."

It was at that point that Greene, a BBC correspondent and executive for 19 years, was elevated to the director-generalship. He merely unleashed his department heads and told them to go ahead and make mistakes. One of the major experiments was the savagely satirical *That Was the Week That Was*. It lasted for 13 months—and was briefly though unsuccessfully tried in the U.S.—but it set the free-swinging pattern for BBC's new approach. Today, BBC has closed the ratings gap with a respectable 48% share of the audience during the basic 50 hours a week it is on the air. (There is no daytime programming during the week and little TV after 11:30 p.m. in Britain.)

Only in the matter of color does the BBC lag behind the U.S. Colorcasting will begin on a small scale on one of the BBC channels this fall, but it will take another three years or so before British color programming will rival America's. Apart from that, the BBC, with its emphasis on performance rather than sales, can teach its old colonies a thing or two.



SIR HUGH GREENE



WARREN MITCHELL AS ALF GARNETT

Auntie gets your goat.

sort of gritty billingsgate, but in Britain Alf is not only on the air but is also the most popular character on television. Or rather the most talked-about, for he either outrages viewers or spills them laughing on the floor. "The amusing thing about Alf," says BBC Director-General Sir Hugh Greene (brother of Novelist Graham Greene), "is the intense fury aroused among those who share his prejudices. The program offends a great many people—but those one is glad to offend."

High-Voltage Drama. Coming as it does from the No. 1 man in British television, that succinct comment largely explains why it is that BBC is so consistently sprightly and compelling. No American TV executive would think such a dread thing, let alone say it. Where U.S. television programming is mostly perma-pressed, sanitized and deodorized, BBC says what it thinks, encourages controversy, and, as Sir Hugh says, does not in the least mind getting people's goats.

housing shortage, so electrified audiences with its high-voltage indictment of bureaucratic bungling that it prompted headline stories in the *Times* and the *Guardian* and a political debate. Scolded Opposition Leader Ted Heath: "Government action of the wrong kind can spell out doom for the Cathys of this world."

Abundant Talent. It is this kind of impact, as well as a flair for originality and superior production skill that make television in Britain an event every night. What keeps it going, too—both on BBC's two channels and that of the commercial system (ITV, for independent television)—is a readymade and intensely receptive audience. Outside of the big cities, there is little spare cash and entertainment beyond the pub to seduce Britons away from home. Also in BBC's favor is the abundance of theatrical talent in London. Members of the National Theater Company and the Royal Shakespeare Company as well as film professionals are constantly



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MARK OF EXCELLENCE

SPACE

Locking the Fire Doors

Testifying before the Senate and House space committees last week, top NASA officials admitted that they had not fully anticipated the violent nature of the fire that took the lives of three Apollo astronauts in January. "Continued alertness to the possibility of fire," said NASA Deputy Administrator Robert Seamans, "had been dulled by the previous ground experience and six years of successful manned missions."

Thus it was that the ill-fated Apollo was equipped with a hatch that took 90 seconds to open—much too long to save the astronauts, who died within 20 seconds of asphyxiation by carbon monoxide. Thus it also was that the spacecraft contained materials that had been tested for flammability under pure oxygen at a pressure of 5 lbs. per sq. in. but not under the more dangerous 16 lbs. used in the ground test.

To prevent another such disaster, the space officials said they were working on a new Apollo escape hatch that could be opened in two seconds in a ground emergency. Less flammable materials are also being studied for space suits and the spacecraft interior. As a further precaution, the Apollo cabin during future ground tests will probably be filled with normal air, rather than the pure oxygen that fed the fire.

Rescue Service for Astronauts

Even before the first manned orbital flights were launched into space in 1961, scientists were haunted by the nightmare of men stranded in orbit in disabled ships, unable to return to earth. Though 22 U.S. and Russian manned spacecraft have spent more than 1,450 hours in orbit, neither nation has developed a system that could have rescued any of them from space.

Instead, NASA officials have channeled their energy and funds almost exclusively into the prevention of space mishaps, providing spacecraft with redundant systems to take over the functions of those that fail. But the near disaster threatened by the wildly gyrating Gemini 8 and the tragic deaths of the Apollo astronauts at Cape Kennedy have convinced a growing number of experts that NASA's "redundancy techniques" have their limitations and that a space-rescue system is needed to supplement them. In a 584-page space-rescue report scheduled for release this week, the House Committee on Science and Astronautics concludes that "the question is not whether such a capability must be developed but in what form, at what times and at what costs this capability is to evolve."

Space Coast Guard. There is no shortage of ideas. Martin Marietta Corp. has proposed launching a piloted Gemini rescue spacecraft in tandem with an unmanned Gemini containing three

seats. After the twin craft had rendezvoused with a disabled Apollo vehicle, for example, the three-man Apollo crew could transfer to the empty Gemini, detach it from the piloted rescue craft, and return to earth simply by firing their retrorockets.

Lockheed has suggested launching an unmanned Agena rocket to carry needed fuel, supplies or parts to a disabled ship. The Agena could even lock onto the crippled vehicle, enabling it to use the Agena's control and propulsion systems to return to earth. M.I.T. students have drawn up plans for a fleet of lifting-body rescue craft mounted on Titan 3C rockets and standing ready on launching pads—like a space-age version of the Coast Guard—to rendezvous with distressed spacecraft.

Ground-based rescue systems have serious drawbacks. The House space-rescue report estimates that the mini-

mum time required to launch a Titan 3 rocket and rendezvous its rescue vehicle with a low-orbiting spacecraft is four hours. In addition, the orbiting, disabled ship would pass near Cape Kennedy only two or three times per day. Should a countdown be delayed long enough for the "rendezvous window" to close, the rescue ship would have to delay its flight for hours. Thus, unless the astronauts were well supplied with oxygen and in no immediate danger, the rescuers might arrive too late. NASA officials also point out that it would cost at least \$1 billion to provide standby spacecraft, launch pads and rescue crews during a space flight.

Out of Reach. An attractive alternative to ground-based rescue systems is a "lifeboat" to be carried in every manned spacecraft and orbiting laboratory. General Electric has proposed a foldable, plastic, baglike device that could be expanded into a small reentry craft with a retrorocket, heat shield and parachute. Douglas Aircraft has designed a simpler inflatable space parachute coated with metal fabric. If, too, could return a single astronaut to earth, but would require that he fire his spacecraft's retrorockets in order to begin dropping out of orbit before he abandoned ship. Other less complex lifeboats, not equipped for reentry, would be pressurized to enable astronauts forced to leave their spacecraft to live for days until rescue.

Even an effective rescue system could not cope with all the situations that can occur in space. Rescuers could not have approached Gemini 8, for example, when it was spinning out of control. The rapid decompression that would occur if a craft were penetrated by a large meteoroid might kill its passengers before they could don their spacesuits. And attempts at rescue on the way to the moon or the planets—or on the lunar surface—are still beyond the scope of current space technology.

But space-rescue systems will become increasingly necessary as traffic increases. A 1965 Martin Marietta Corp. study concluded that there will be 280 manned orbital flights between 1965 and 1985, involving about 800 men. During this period, the study estimates, there is a 62% probability that at least seven space rescues will be required in order to save the lives of 22 men.

PHYSICS

A Cool New Atom Smasher

In their efforts to probe more deeply into the mysterious subatomic world and its host of recently discovered particles, scientists are rapidly refining and adding to the spectacular tools of high-energy physics: the massive and powerful betatrons, cyclotrons, synchrotrons and linear accelerators. The latter are designed to fire beams of particles, usually high-speed electrons, down a long copper tube at experimental targets. Stanford University, for example, now has a two-mile-long atom-smashing





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model called SLAC (TIME, July 22). SLAC, which stands for Stanford Linear Accelerator, is just beginning its experimental program. Yet last week Stanford Physicist Alan Schwettman reported in Washington that a prototype of an improved and more advanced linear accelerator had been successfully tested on the Palo Alto campus.

The new device differs from SLAC and the others in its ability to fire electrons continuously. In previous linear accelerators, the high-frequency radio waves used to accelerate electrons through the copper tube could quickly produce high temperatures by generating electric currents in the walls of the tube. To prevent serious heat damage, the electrons were fired in very short bursts. Stanford's SLAC is designed to fire electrons in millionth-of-a-second bursts, separated by intervals of a thousandth of a second.

To enable their experimental instrument to accelerate a continuous stream of electrons, Schwettman, Physicist William Fairbank and their associates lined the inner walls of their 5-ft. prototype with lead and surrounded the tube with an aluminum cylinder containing liquid helium cooled to -457°F .—about two degrees above absolute zero. At this temperature, the lead lining becomes a superconductor, losing practically all of its heat-causing electrical resistance and allowing the continuous flow of high-energy electrons without overheating.

The superconducting accelerator has already set Physicist Wolfgang Panofsky, director of Stanford's SLAC, to thinking ahead. The new accelerator does not actually make SLAC obsolete, he says, but it "might be wise," as early as 1970, to examine the possibility of converting the big machine to a superconducting accelerator.

ASTRONOMY

Mercury's Double Dawn

Because Mercury is so close to the sun, astronomers long believed it was the victim of captured rotation. Just as the earth's gravity has locked the near side of the moon toward it, they theorized, the sun's enormous gravity had caused the same hemisphere of Mercury to face the sun perpetually, with never a dawn or sunset.

Within the past two years, however, radar observations of Mercury's surface have disproved the theory. Instead of revolving once on its axis during the 88 days it takes the planet to complete one solar orbit—as it would have to do to present the same face to the sun—Mercury was found to rotate once every 59 days. This would mean that to a Mercury man—if there were one who could stand its temperatures (as high as 790°F .)—the sun would seem to move slowly across the sky, providing daylight for about 88 days. Then it would set, bringing on a night of the same duration. It remained for a Cornell University graduate astronomy student, Steven Soter, 23, to point out that



The first telegraph message sent by Inventor Samuel Morse over a 40-mile line between Washington and Baltimore was "What hath God wrought?" Last week the first still picture ever transmitted via two satellites, Lani Bird II and Early Bird, was sent more than 7,000 miles between Honolulu and London. It showed Swedish Crown Prince Carl Gustaf gazing steadfastly at a coed in a bikini on the beach at Waikiki.

the sun's otherwise dull journey across Mercury's sky is enlivened by a solar variety of the hesitation step.

While studying Mercury's surface temperatures, Soter paused to consider the effects of the planet's elliptical orbit, which causes it to speed up as it nears its closest approach (28.7 million miles) to the sun, and to slow down as it moves away to a maximum distance of 43.6 million miles. About four days before Mercury comes closest to the sun, Soter says in the current issue of *Sky and Telescope*, its increased angular velocity around the sun just matches its rotational rate about its own axis. To an observer on Mercury, the sun at this point would appear to stand still in its east-to-west transit of the skies. Then, as Mercury picked up even more speed, whipped past its point of closest approach to the sun, and began to slow down as it receded farther out into space again, the sun would appear to move backward toward the east, stop again, and then resume its journey for the remainder of the day.

At longitudes where dawn could be observed during the solar reversal, the sun would seem to rise slowly until more than half of it was above the eastern horizon. Then it would set below the same horizon, and soon rise again before heading for a more normal sunset in the west.

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EDUCATION

PROFESSORS

Soaring Salaries

Faculty income at U.S. universities is still climbing. A new survey conducted by the American Association of University Professors indicates that in the current academic year even the dozen best-paying schools have hiked their salaries by 6% above 1965-66 levels. The twelve most openhanded schools and their average salaries (which do not include fringe benefits), according to the A.A.U.P.:

Harvard	\$15,700
Chicago	15,445
Parsons College	15,123
Stanford	15,120
Hebrew Union College	15,063
Johns Hopkins	14,272
Caltech	14,129
Claremont Graduate School	14,000
M.I.T.	13,953
Northwestern	13,899
Cornell	13,663
Columbia	13,500

A Class Hires a Scholar

A notable yearning of today's college students is for broad courses that cut a swath across academic disciplines and focus on major social issues. One problem, however, is that there is rarely a niche for such freewheeling scholars in the modern, highly compartmentalized university. Berkeley Lecturer Ernest Becker, 42, who attracted overflow crowds into a 900-seat auditorium for a wide-ranging course embracing religion, anthropology and sociology, was reminded of that disturbing fact last month when Cal's anthropology department failed to rehire him.

At Berkeley, students have a knack for getting what they want. And what they clearly want is Ernest Becker. Calling him a "stimulating" teacher, a "fantastic speaker," and a man who "makes you go out of his class thinking," several hundred of his students last week staged a two-hour "teach in" after one of his lectures. They also organized a march on the chancellor's office, presented a petition signed by 2,000 students demanding that Becker be retained. When the anthropology department faculty insisted that they had neither the necessary funds nor the staff allotment to keep Becker on, students then simply took the matter into their own hands. The Berkeley student government coolly voted to spend \$13,000 out of its own treasury to pay Becker next year to take over a newly created "Visiting Scholar Chair."

Although Becker defies pigeonholing, his scholarly credentials are impressive—and he is admired by many Berkeley professors. He has a doctorate in cultural anthropology from Syracuse, served on the staff of the U.S. Embassy in Paris, taught at the State University of New York for three years before moving to Berkeley in 1965. He has four books to



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\$13,000 worth of accolade.

his credit, including a study called *The Revolution in Psychiatry* that California Social Psychiatrist Martin Hoffman rates as "one of the most important theoretical works written in psychiatry in the last quarter-century." Becker has also written a primer on Zen and a critique of U.S. education that the *Daily Californian* praised as "a manifesto for academic revolution."

Quietly pleased by his classroom support, Becker is weighing the unusual offer against bids for his services from other schools around the country. Although impressed by such overwhelming student support for a good teacher, Berkeley officials are reluctant to interfere with the faculty's exclusive right to select members of its staff. If no room for Becker can be found in any of Cal's departments, the university apparently has no objection to his staying on to give noncredit courses, as what one official calls "an educational consultant" to the students.

STUDENTS

Predicting College Success

Most university admissions officers are aware that college board Scholastic Aptitude Tests are not the only guide to probable academic success—but they are not sure just what other criteria prove that a student is worth a gamble. Normally, four types of students are likely to be passed over: the "overachiever," who gets low SAT scores but had excellent high school grades; the "late bloomer," whose grades were poor but whose college board scores show promise; the high school leader too busy with extracurricular activities to get good grades; the specialist, who is brilliant in one field but otherwise mediocre.

In a ten-year study financed by the

Ford Foundation, Williams College is gambling on all four types, selects 10% of each freshman class from applicants who do not meet its normal standards. Preliminary results indicate that 80% of these students will graduate—roughly comparable to the survival rate for the whole college. But Williams has also found that the "late bloomer" is overrated—the boy who did poorly in high school seldom blossoms suddenly forth in college. The specialist also proves disappointing. On the other hand, the campus leader seems to have the ability to get through a rough adjustment period, then does well. The best gamble apparently is the high school "overachiever." Concludes Philip F. Smith, coordinator of the Williams plan: "College board scores are much less important than high school performance" in predicting college success.

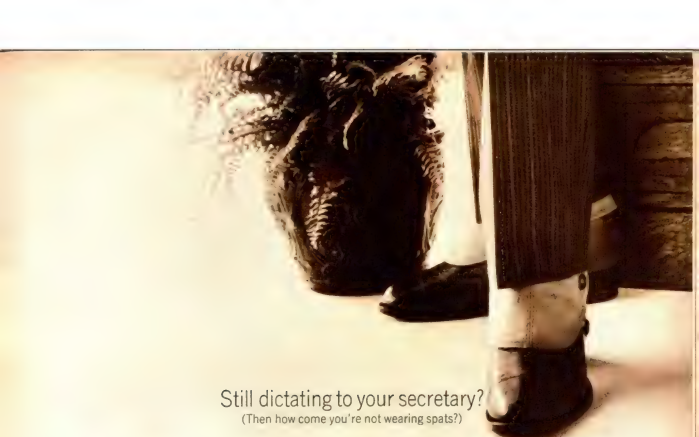
PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Equalizing Opportunity

The American tradition in education is local support for local schools. According to former Harvard President James Bryant Conant, the emphasis on community responsibility for the financing of public schools has created an "inequality of opportunity" that can only be resolved by shifting the burden to the states and, to a lesser extent, the Federal Government.

In a new book called *The Comprehensive High School* (McGraw-Hill: \$3.95) Conant points out that some states have already assumed a big share of the financial burden. Nonetheless, he adds, "there are gross inequalities within a state as well as between states." Some school districts get as much as two-thirds of their support from state aid; others get as little as 6%. The disparity frequently bears no relation to need. Conant proposes that costs be spread statewide to correct local inequities. He would equalize opportunity nationally by returning part of federal income taxes to the states for school use "as each sees fit."

The Comprehensive High School is a sequel to Conant's 1959 survey, *The American High School Today*, in which he found that only eight of the 55 high schools he had studied met his "minimum criteria" for acceptable quality. In a new survey of 2,124 schools, Conant reports that 40.3% now give courses in calculus, 49.5% teach the new physics, 92% offer remedial classes for lower-ability students, 99% offer music. Even more significant, about half of the schools have a 20-to-1 student-teacher ratio—a standard that Conant considers basic. On the other hand, he finds that only 11% of the schools make use of television and that more than 60% are too small (fewer than 750 students) to be efficient. Although "considerable progress" has been made, Conant sums up, "American education is far below the level I think it can reach."



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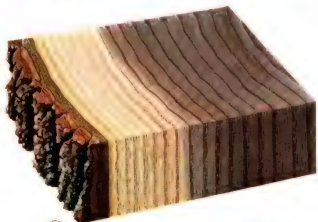
White Oak. Making and cutting big oak. It's white, is resistant, durable, and impervious to decay. The hardwood, which is about 15 percent denser than white pine, has many other uses, ranging from flooring to fine cabinet work.



Hard Maple. In bowling pins and flooring for bowling alleys. Its uniform texture and hardness result in resistance to scuffs. The Romans used it for their chariots. We turn it into tables, music stands, baseball bats, and cricket balls.



Baldcypress. Because it is weather-resistant without treatment, this wood was widely used for construction the early days of railroading. Today, it is used for water tanks and other applications requiring prolonged contact with water.



Black Walnut. A beautiful hardwood for fine furniture and interior paneling, because of the density of the heartwood grain. It is a bit of a luxury piece, often doubling and is a good-looking, proportion. It is harder than oak and more resistant.



White Ash. Perfect for baseball bats, tennis rackets, and long tool handles. This hardwood's main uses are straight-grained, uniform strength, moderate weight, good bending qualities, and capacity for wearing smooth.



Red Spruce. A favorite for violin soundings boards, because of its light resonant properties. Another use is in toys and in other products in which light weight is desired. These qualities also make it a primary choice for wooden toys, musical instruments, and guns.



Hemlock. This is a choice for building for ships and in other uses. Another use is in building long spans, as in carrying one of the most important species for paper products. It is also used for construction lumber and plywood, and for boxes, crates, and concrete forms.



Hickory. A hard wood well known for its strength. It is used for tool handles, shovels, and for the handles of axes, pickaxes, and other tools. It is also used for the handles of axes, pickaxes, and other tools. It is also used for the handles of axes, pickaxes, and other tools.

Wood for barrels, books, or baseball bats: but which wood is best for what—and why?

Many qualities determine the choice of a wood for a specific job: weight, density, moisture content, stiffness, toughness, or the presence of knots and resin. A resinous wood, for example, does not paint well. A dense wood holds nails better.

"Hardwoods," those from broadleafed trees like oak and maple, are generally used in furniture and implements. "Softwoods," those from trees with needles, are used mostly for construction or for paper products. Softwoods have a simple cellular structure with most cells lined up and down the tree. Hardwoods tend to have complex cell structure, and more solid cell wall material.

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MEDICINE

SURGERY

Circumventing Immunity

The main barrier to the transplantation of organs from one human being to another is the immune mechanism by which the body defends itself against invasion by foreign substances. The surgical techniques have been perfected for years, and in the case of kidneys at least, the supply of organs has been sufficient for a total of 1,200 transplants. But some 500 of these have failed, in nearly every case because the immune reaction led to rejection of the transplant. Now new ways are being explored to bypass the barrier: last week specialists in surgery and immunology from all over the U.S. met at Duke University to hear about them.

Cadavers Are Best. The ideal way to get around the rejection reaction is to find an organ donor with the same immunity pattern as the recipient. This happens with any certainty only in the case of identical twins. For patients not so fortunate as to have an identical twin, the conferees agreed, the best source for a donated kidney is a brother or sister, with the mother next. The one-year survival rate for kidneys from close relatives, reported Dr. Joseph E. Murray of Boston's Peter Bent Brigham Hospital, is now 70%. For the patients themselves, it is 80%. The difference is due to the fact that some patients survive the failure of an initial transplant with the help of the artificial kidney or a second transplant.

For kidneys removed from cadavers, the corresponding survival figures are 55% and 65%. Astonishingly, the chances of a successful transplant from an unrelated living donor are less than half as good as those for kidneys from unrelated cadavers. Just why, no one knows; perhaps a dying man's kidney loses some of its power to trigger the rejection mechanism.

In treating patients with transplants, doctors have been teetering on a precarious seesaw. They must use drugs enough to suppress the immune mechanism and spare the kidney, but not in such strong dosages as to let the patient die from any passing infection. The drugs used, mainly azathioprine (Imuran) and prednisone, are so highly potent that by themselves they can seriously weaken or help to kill a patient. A major factor in boosting the cure rate in the past two years, said Dr. Murray, has been a steady reduction in the dosage of azathioprine. The researchers gathered at Duke were seeking new and gentler ways of avoiding the rejection reaction by manipulating the immune mechanism itself. Among the most promising approaches currently being investigated:

- **LYMPH DRAINAGE.** Many of the powerful antibodies against foreign protein are carried by lymphocytes, white blood cells circulating principally in the lymphatic system. Dr. Murray reported on a method in which a plastic tube is inserted in the thoracic lymph duct just above the collarbone. The lymph drains out by gravity into a plastic bag. With good drainage, up to 32 billion cells are removed daily, for as long as four months. They are separated from the lymph fluid by centrifuge, and the fluid is reinfused into the patient through an arm vein. With a well-drained lymph system, said Dr. Murray, rejection crises are only half as common as formerly.

- **ANTI-LYMPHOCYTE TREATMENT.** One way to depress white-cell and antibody activity is to introduce antibody against the lymphocytes themselves. So thymus glands, spleens and lymph nodes are removed from human cadavers, and the extract is injected into horses. The horses' rejection mechanism goes to work and makes particles active against the human lymphocytes. The horses are



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Balanced on a precarious seesaw.

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later Med. anti-lymphocyte serum is extracted, and may be further refined to a globulin fraction. At the University of Colorado, a team headed by Dr. Thomas Starzl has performed 19 successful transplants since last June: given anti-lymphocyte globulin, the patients have got along well on sharply reduced doses of azathioprine and prednisone.

• **ANTIGEN OVERLOADING.** Though there are at least two major types of antibody represented by billions of particles, they can be either confused or exhausted if the invading particles of foreign antigen (antibody-triggering substances) are numerous enough. In the medical equivalent of a massive military diversion, doctors try to overload the immune mechanism temporarily by flooding it with antigen particles. By coincidence, an antigen sufficiently similar to the human type is in some streptococci. So these bacteria, usually rated as harmful, are being mass-produced in a program backed by the National Institute of Allergy and Infectious Diseases. The antigen, chemically removed from its microscopic bacterial source, is being distributed to investigating doctors.

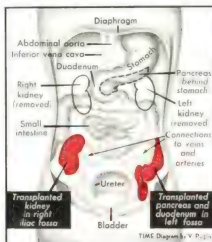
For wide application, said Dr. Kenneth Sell, organ transplantation will have to depend on organ banks, similar to the tissue bank he now maintains for the U.S. Navy at Bethesda, Md. So far, no one has devised a way to freeze a whole organ and get it to work after thawing it out. But another visionary suggestion is for a "living bank," in which organs from human cadavers might be implanted in baboons and stored in the animals until needed for transplants.

Triple Transplant

Progress in transplanting human organs other than the kidney has been disappointingly slow, not only because of rejection reactions but also because of technical difficulties in surgery. Last week surgeons at the University of Minnesota Hospitals in Minneapolis were anxiously watching the progress of the first patient to receive a triple transplant—kidney, pancreas and duodenum.

The 32-year-old woman was a victim of a "brittle" and "malignant" form of diabetes that develops in early life and eventually damages nearly all the body's arteries, including those supplying the kidneys. In this case, the patient's kidneys had already failed, and she was being kept alive by dialysis. Her pancreas was functioning poorly. The doctors were equally concerned about the working of her duodenum, a source of little-understood hormones.

Last New Year's Eve, another woman died at the hospital from the effects of a stroke, Dr. William D. Kelly and Dr. Richard C. Lillehei already had permission to remove the organs they needed. They took out the conjoined pancreas and duodenum as a unit and also took a kidney. They implanted the kidney near the patient's right groin. Then, instead of replacing her own pan-



creas and duodenum with the graft, they left her digestive tract intact and implanted the entire new unit in the left iliac fossa, just above the groin. It is hooked up to her arteries and veins, so it spills its hormones into the bloodstream, where they augment the output of her own failing organs.

The additional duodenum is not yet connected directly to the digestive tract. It will be hooked into a loop of the small bowel in about a month if the transplant remains healthy. So far, the transplanted kidney has effectively filtered the patient's blood and made urine; the pancreaticoduodenal graft has done its work so well that she has needed no insulin since her surgery.

CANCER

Verdict Against the Vaccine

The U.S. District Court in Cleveland last week imposed as tough a ban as the law allows on further experimentation with the so-called Rand anti-cancer vaccine (TIME, March 3). H. James Rand and his Rand Development Corp. were permanently enjoined and restrained from manufacture and shipment of the vaccine, and even from further animal experimentation with it, until they have complied with all the requirements of federal law.

In granting the Government's request for the ban, Judge James C. Connell declared that it was clear that Rand and his company had knowingly violated the law. "Are they above the law and Congress?" he asked. "They simply refused to furnish information—period. They were their own law and their own drug act." To bring them under the law, Judge Connell ruled that Rand will have to give full information to the Government before he resumes animal experimentation and then keep up the flow of data. There must, said the judge, "be some assurance that they will operate in conformity with the law, including sending reports to Washington, to prevent future conduct from resembling past misconduct."



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ART

SCULPTURE

Constructions in Chrome

Sculptors once created statues out of marble and wood because the materials were there and, besides, they were beautiful. Some contemporary sculptors use "found objects"—stovepipes, bedsprings and other bits of wreckage from junkyards or used-car lots—because these materials are there and because the artists feel that their ugliness reflects the seaminess of the times.

New York's bearded, gently humorous Jason Seley, 47, whose latest show opened at Manhattan's Kornblee Gallery last week, strives for the best of both worlds. His angular, hole-marked and hollowly curvilinear pieces are welded together from junk. But since he works with slightly used chrome-plated automobile bumpers, the results are so gleamingly bright and so artfully constructed that some viewers are unaware that they are looking at automobile bumpers at all.

Seley fell in love with his first bumper in 1956. Waiting for his car to be fixed in a junkyard adjoining a garage, he and his wife were struck by the distinctive shape of a '49 Buick Dynaflo bumper. Convinced that there was still more "beauty" to be extracted from it, he bought it for \$1—much to the amazement of the garage owner, since the Seleys' car was a Chevy. Seley, who at the time was casting Henry Mooreish semi-abstracts in plaster and terra-cotta, began using bumpers as armatures, covering them with plaster, then casting the result in bronze or aluminum. By 1959, he had decided it was "a sacrilege to cover the beautiful bumper form," began working with the armature alone.

As he has mastered his medium, Seley has made his work less elongated, now welds many bumpers together in solid, chunky shapes instead of letting them stick out like the spines of a giant cactus. His forms have also been influenced by the style of the bumpers available at the Long Island car-parts supply house, where he buys them. Since *Valiant*, so called because of its similarity to a Viking's shield, utilizes the roccoco protuberances found on 1958 Oldsmobiles, of a type sometimes known in the auto industry as "Dagmars" (for the well-rounded TV comedienne of the 1950s), but the more streamlined and recent *Arabesque* is based on four sleek pieces from a 1965 Ford compact. Says Seley: "I'm going right along with Detroit."

Mo(o)re for the Tate

London's Tate Gallery owns more Henry Moores than any other museum—about 50 pieces in all. But, like the works of Britain's foremost living sculptor, the Tate's Moore collection also has a number of holes. Moore, who has always had "a soft spot" for the Tate, has saved a copy of every work he has done since 1949. He has long planned a gift of 20 or 30 pieces—worth, at current market prices, between \$2,000,000 and \$3,000,000—to provide a complete cross-section of his life work.

All the same, when word of the intended bequest leaked to London's Sun-



SELEY & BUMPER SCULPTURES
Because they are there.

day Telegraph last week, the Tate was embarrassed. Moore wants to be certain that his works can be publicly displayed, but the gallery still needs to raise \$2,100,000 for a new wing. Nonetheless, Moore plans to announce an itemized gift list next year on his 70th birthday. "If the gallery puts up a special wing with a complete unity of its own, I shall be pleased," he said, adding: "But I am not laying down any conditions."

PAINTING

Visions of Innocence

The American colonists were barely ashore before they began casting about for ways to make their new homes attractive. In Puritan New England, crude portraits were being limned by anonymous painters as early as 1641; in Pennsylvania, settlers from the Palatinate were soon decorating birth certifi-

icates and family records with elaborate *Fraktur* flowers and birds, a practice derived from Gothic manuscripts.

Occasionally a craftsman of exceptional talent—a Matthew Pratt or Charles Willson Peale—would take up painting as a career. But producing folk art remained largely a part-time occupation of the village cabinetmaker, sign painter, stonemason or shipwright—or was carried on by the womenfolk at home. The practitioners were nearly always self-taught, and tended to thrive far from urban cultural centers. But they made up for their deficiencies with sharp-eyed observation, an infectious joyousness in their labor, and a remarkable freshness of vision (see color).

The Prime Decades. Primitive American painters have flourished from the time of the Quaker sign painter Edward Hicks (*Peaseable Kingdom*) to Grandma Moses, but their heyday was between those two great upheavals, the American Revolution, which released in a new nation the sense that "every man is a king," and the Civil War, which coincided with the steamroller uniformity of the industrial age. And even these prime decades went largely unnoticed and unappreciated until the 1920s. Their rediscovery was the work of American artists who recognized that in early American folk art there was a valid commentary on the American scene, full of abstract pattern and rhythms, startling color juxtapositions and forceful characterization.

Much of the most interesting American primitive art was done in watercolor. Some of the most representative—and also some of the best—is included in the traveling exhibition of "101 American Primitive Watercolors," collected by Edgar and Bernice Chrysler Garbisch, which this week goes on view at the Columbus Gallery of Fine Arts.

Death by Culture. In *Man on Horseback*, one anonymous watercolorist was ignorant of the rules of perspective, but he was uninhibited in his use of color, filled all the available space with decorative plants and boughs. To capture the clipper ship's surge through the mountainous seas, another anonymous painter resorted to ritualistic formality, reminiscent of a Japanese print. Ironically, what spelled the death of such original flights of fancy was the spread of culture. When the amateur artist was forced to compete with cheap lithographs and daguerreotypes, he copied them in all their banality, and thereby lost his own fresh vision. *He Returns No More*, for instance, is high-contrast poster art, probably derived from a contemporary print by Paul Schitzler.

In today's America, where television, movies and magazines bring the latest visual effects to the remotest community, naive vision has become a virtual impossibility. Even children, by the ages of nine and ten, begin to copy the exaggerated perspective and anatomical clichés they see in comic strips.

EDGAR ALLAN POE'S "THE MURDER OF THE OLD MAN TO WHOM HE BELONGED"



HE RETIRED TO HIS HOME

CIVIL WAR MEMENTO, 1868



EDGAR ALLAN POE'S "THE MURDER OF THE OLD MAN TO WHOM HE BELONGED"

PENNSYLVANIA MAN ON HORSEBACK, CIRCA 1820

NEW ENGLAND CLIPPER SHIP WALLOWING IN HEAVY SEA, CIRCA 1840



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MODERN LIVING

THE CITY

Right Side of the Tracks

As urban land grows ever scarcer and more expensive, planners are increasingly turning their eyes skyward to the unused space overhead. And when they survey the city, the airspace that stands out most is that over open railroad tracks and highways.

A start has already been made toward tapping this new urban dimension. In Boston, the Prudential Center is built on top of the Massachusetts Turnpike. In Manhattan, four high-rise apartment buildings have straddled the approaches to the George Washington Bridge since 1963. Chicago's 41-story Prudential Building rose over the Illinois Central tracks just east of Michigan Avenue near-

could immediately move into adjacent completed portions, thus minimizing urban renewal's thorniest political and human problem—relocation.

Unity for Division. The second scheme, announced by Mayor John Lindsay last week, is really a double-header; it starts with 5½ miles of existing Long Island Rail Road tracks in Brooklyn, calls for covering them over first with the proposed Cross Brooklyn Expressway, then placing on top of that a "spine city" of schools and colleges, housing, parks and community facilities. The planners envision shuttle trains and moving sidewalks to carry people to and from the length of the spine, see the linear plan as capable of indefinite extension.

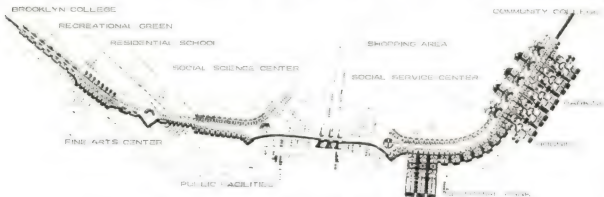
"Expressways tend to divide communities when they cut through them,"

Queen Elizabeth, Princess Margaret, the Maharam of Baroda and Libya's King Idris I. Only trouble is that the purdah glass, in a way, is self-defeating. It is so noticeable that the instantly curious flock around to try penetrating its secrets, let an ordinary clear-windowed car go by without a second glance.

FADS

Trivaddiction

What did Louis, the prefect of police, throw into the trash can at the end of *Casablanca*? Who was Bob Hope's radio announcer? What was the consolation prize on *The \$64,000 Question*? Who cares? Thousands upon thousands of Trivia players do, and to them the answers are so much duck soup. They have made Trivia—a campy game of inconsequential questions and answers about radio, TV, movies, comic books



SKETCH PLAN FROM ABOVE OF BROOKLYN'S PROPOSED DOUBLEHEADER
Holding everything together with a spine.

ly twelve years ago, and only last month, the last legal obstacles were removed from plans to construct \$1 billion worth of apartments and office buildings over 188 acres of Illinois Central track and switching yard near Chicago's lakefront.

Vaulting the Rails. New York City has now been presented with two new and particularly imaginative schemes for using the space over railroad tracks. The first, sponsored by the Museum of Modern Art and designed by a five-man team of New York architects, proposes building over a 37-block length of the New Haven Railroad tracks on upper Park Avenue, from 97th Street, where the tracks emerge from underground, north to the Harlem River.

First, the tracks would be covered by a continuous concrete vault that would muffle train noise. Atop the vault would run a traffic-free pedestrian mall dotted with shops, restaurants, theaters and schools and connected to new mixed-income housing on either side. Since the new Harlem apartment buildings would be bigger than the tenements they replace, the planners hope to encourage racial integration. Moreover, because the project would be built in stages, people living in the path of construction

said Mayor Lindsay, speaking of the Brooklyn project. "But here, a linear city would be a unifying factor instead." The same could as easily be said of the plan to cover over the Park Avenue tracks. Both designs suggest that, in the future, the right side of the tracks to live on will be in one direction: up.

THE CAR

Through a Glass, Darkly

In the 1920s, oriental potentates began ordering their Rolls-Royces with smoke-blackened windows so that their wives could ride comfortably "in purdah"—screened off from the eyes of other men. Now "purdah glass" has been revived, and is the latest rage of London.

The Aga Khan and his uncle, Sadruddin, have the back and side windows of their Mini-Coopers done in inky black. So do Greek Shipping Scion Alex Goulandris, Actor Albert Finney and Beate George Harrison. Fellow Beate John Lennon's Rolls is completely blacked out except for the windshield—despite the impairment to vision. So is Prince Philip's experimental Ogle sports car.

Other converts to the windows:

and popular songs—a nationwide fad.

Last week 1,000 college-age students filed into Columbia University's McMillin Theater to watch Columbia's defending champions battle it out with teams from Princeton, Yale, Pennsylvania, Mount Holyoke and Barnard for the Second Annual Ivy League-Seven Sisters Trivia Contest—the closest thing to a world series that the game has spawned. On hand to officiate were Trivia's inventors, former Columbia Students Dan Carlinsky and Edwin Goudgold, whose two books on the subject, published by Dell, have sold 450,000 copies in the past year.

Misspent Youth. To their amusement, only Pennsylvania could recall the famous 1946 Ajax song ("Use Ajax, humm, humm, the foaming cleanser . . ."). To the question, "What flavor ice cream did Harpo Marx sell in *A Day in the Races*?", the judges ruled out Princeton's "tutti-frutti" for Yale's more colorful and accurate "tootsi-tootsi."

Columbia led until well past half time, when Princeton's Tom Tulenko and Mark Liss began to tiger ahead by

* A bottle of Vichy water, Bill Goudwin, a new Cadillac.



CHAMPIONS LISS & TULENKO
Treasures from the garbage can.

naming the singer of *Come On-a My House* (Rosemary Clooney) and the Walt Disney character with nine lives (El Fago Baca), clinched the title by correctly identifying the format of the short-lived TV series *It's a Man's World*. The championship trophy—a green Woolworth mixing bowl worth 49¢—was then ceremoniously presented to the new champions, while one of Columbia's King's Men gave a rousing rendition of the *Mr. Trivia* Song—"There he goes! Think of all the crap he knows."

"You have to get your basic training from the time you are six until perhaps twelve or 13," says Trivia Champ Tulenko. "After that you refine your ability." He credits his success entirely to "my garbage-filled mind." But for Inventor Goodgold, the essence of Trivia is not so much in the facts themselves as the nostalgic recognition they evoke. "Trivia is concerned with tugging at the heartstrings," says Goodgold. "It's enjoyed by those who have mispent their youth and don't want to let it go. It's the least common cultural denominator."

FASHION

The New Valentino

First he stopped in Dallas to pick up the Neiman-Marcus award as the year's most original dress designer. Then he went on to Palm Beach, where Martha's, an exclusive salon with shops in Florida and New York, bestowed a similar award. In Manhattan, 400 socialites turned out to see his clothes at a benefit cocktail party on the St. Regis roof for the Committee to Rescue Italian Art. By the time he flew back to Rome last week, order book overflowing from his 20-day U.S. tour, Valentino, 34, had clearly emerged as the new darling of the eminently fashionable.

His customers are the same women who have been buying from Mainbocher, Balenciaga, Givenchy and Dior for years. The list includes such current Best-Dressed women as Lee Radziwill, Christina Ford and Mrs. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, as well as Best-Dressed Hall of Famers Gloria Guinness, Jackie Kennedy, "Babe" Paley and Jayne Wrightsman. The key to Valentino's rise: in a fashion world gone mad for mod, he designs clothes of great taste and elegance for women who prize beauty above eccentricity.

"Live to Be 100!" "The yé-yé look is fine for girls twelve to 15 years old, but it lacks the proportion for an older woman," says Valentino, who thinks that a woman's best years are between 30 and 50. "The *vivante petite fille*—the old little girl—looks ridiculous." Thus Valentino hemlines rise no more than one inch above the knee, and necklines are high. Yet the Valentino look is anything but matronly: bright, gay colors and trim, geometric lines characterize his designs; sheer luxury is one of their chief appeals. It is the kind of luxury that means fabrics costing as much as \$140 per yard, three-faced wools, the most expensive silks for buttonholes,

and mink used as pure adornment. Valentino's prices are commensurate. They begin at \$750 for a dress, range up to \$5,000 for an evening gown.

What makes his success all the more remarkable is that Valentino opened his salon in Rome only six years ago, after learning the trade from Jean Dessès and Guy Laroche in Paris. Says Valentino Customer Consuelo Crespi: "He went after the extravagant, luxurious woman, and what he wanted he got." First he got Jackie Kennedy by dedicating five evening gowns to her in 1961. She remains his most constant client, last year bought her pants suit from his collection. She often writes him long, glowing letters, has even been known to clap her hands, crying "Valentino, live to be 100!" while picking out a dress.

"I Have Them All." Along the way he collected such other fashion pace-setters as Marella Agnelli, Princess Paola of Belgium, Audrey Hepburn and Anne Reed. Now he is the acknowledged king of Italian couture. His brown and white "head to toe" line featuring chain-printed silks was the hit of Rome's recent spring and summer collections. Though he has a staff of nearly 200 at his headquarters on Via Gregoriana, he has just opened a second salon in Milan to keep up with orders.

A prodigious worker who relaxes only occasionally at the theater or at his Capri villa, he is personally a conservative dresser, has only one obvious affectation: black, almost jaw-length sideburns. He is noted for shyness, except when it comes to his clients. "I have them all now," he says proudly. And his customers are just as proud that he does. Would it be all right, he asked Gloria Guinness, the woman whom *Women's Wear Daily* calls "the ultimate," if he told the press that she was an enthusiastic customer? "Tell them, Valentino," said she, "that I don't like your clothes—I love them!"



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FOR PALEY & GUINNESS

Beauty above eccentricity in a world gone mod.

at Potlatch, a tree can be the substance that binds aardvark to zymurgy



The dictionary you refer to and the magazine you are now reading were both made from wood chips.

Cellulose fibers derived from wood are processed into printing paper, wall-paper, newspaper and hundreds of other paper products such as corrugated containers, milk cartons, facial tissues, paperboard packages and parking tickets.

To save you time, here are some pertinent word definitions:

Aardvark; ant eater

Zymurgy; brewing process

Potlatch; paper maker

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What's Going On Up There?—A Report from General Dynamics

When a broadcaster calmly announces that the launch rocket has been jettisoned, the capsule is in orbit 115 miles above the earth and that the crew is in excellent shape, ever wonder...

Who told him?

How does anyone know what is happening to that one particular speck, invisible in the vastness of space and moving at five miles per second?

He knows because the facts do come back—through a communication system as essential to space research as any satellite.

Some day man may colonize the planets, but first a vast amount of information is needed.

Every space flight today, manned or not, is basically a fact-finding mission—whether to learn more about cosmic radiation, the ability of a human to function in zero gravity, or scores of little-known aspects of space.

"Needle in a haystack":

To collect the information in the first place, earthbound mission controllers must stay in touch with the spacecraft from the instant of launch, know where it is and where it is going.

The National Aeronautics and Space Administration does the job through a worldwide network of stations—many parts of which have been built by General Dynamics—that track and collect information from the space vehicles. This network is tied into control centers which, depending on the mission, may be in Florida, Texas, California—or aboard an instrumentation ship on the high seas.

From the moment a space shot starts, a transmitter follows the programmed path of the space vehicle,

beaming a continuous-wave radar signal on a specific assigned frequency. A transponder aboard the spacecraft receives the signal, changes it to a different frequency, and transmits it back to earth.

As the spacecraft moves, the length of time for the signal's round trip changes. The differences are continually measured and computed against the original program, with the spacecraft's position, speed and path displayed visually for the controllers.

If the spacecraft is straying, mission controllers can order the vehicle to make the necessary corrections that will put it back on the right path.

Collecting the facts:

More than direction is involved.

Even before launch and on through flight, literally hundreds of sensors in and on the launch vehicle and its payload—in a manned flight even on the astronauts' bodies—are measuring as many different kinds of data.

Some sample the goings-on outside the spacecraft: radiation, meteorite contact, temperature. Others keep track of conditions inside: fuel consumption, engine operation. Still others may report on crew members' heartbeats and skin temperatures, or on cabin conditions such as oxygen content.

Each of these measurements is converted into electrical signals to be radioed back to earth. The more complex the spacecraft and its launching vehicles, the more information must be sent. Ground stations must receive and digest millions of "bits" of information every second. Printed, this would be enough to fill ten average Sunday newspapers every minute.

All this information is sent down a single radio beam. The process is similar to the multiplexing which allows scores of individual telephone conversations to go over a single wire or microwave beam simultaneously.

Command function:

Picture an eight-lane highway, packed solid with cars, interrupted by a one-lane bridge. At the entry to the span, a policeman alternately directs one car from each highway lane in sequence to keep a solid stream flowing across the bridge. At the other end, another policeman directs each car back into the same lane it started from.

Now multiply the speed of the process a millionfold. Instead of eight lanes, more than 200 sensors; instead of a bridge, one radio beam; instead of the policeman, a commutator which alternates the input from the sensors in the proper sequence.

Although all data sent from the spacecraft are stored for later detailed analysis, much of it must be immediately available—visibly, while the event is occurring—for the controllers to exercise their command function.

Suppose an orbiting spacecraft begins to tumble, jeopardizing the mission. Sensor measurements radioed to earth indicate changes. Controllers watching the computer printouts and data displays find anomalies, analyze the problem and order corrective action. Orders are transmitted to the spacecraft whose on-board receptors pass them to the system involved. Main engines or verniers fire as necessary to put the spacecraft back on course.

The rates vary at which data is sent. During launch phase, tracking data



Filling the Holes in the Network

Requirement: Orbiting satellites are temporarily "lost" when they pass over oceans out of "sight" of land tracking stations. In view of the complexity of the forthcoming Apollo moon-shot program—particularly the critical need for uninterrupted contact with the Apollo vehicle and its three-man crew—this ocean gap had to be filled.

Solution: Three floating tracking stations, called Apollo Instrumentation Ships, built by General Dynamics for the U.S. Navy and NASA. The ships are fully equipped to track, maintain two-way radio contact with and receive telemetered data from orbiting satellites.

The three ships will be deployed this summer under U.S. Air Force operational command to positions in the Atlantic, Indian and Pacific Oceans. There, integrated into NASA's worldwide network of land tracking stations, they will begin their tracking and telemetry work.

In addition to their communication role, the Apollo Instrumentation Ships have been given mission control responsibility. If communication should be broken between NASA's control center in Houston and the ship then in contact with the Apollo capsule, the basic "go/no go" decisions will be made aboard the Apollo ship.

may be required every fraction of a second; after the payload is in orbit, once an hour may be enough. Heart-beat and respiration of an astronaut might be monitored constantly. But a weather satellite may "store" all the information it acquires in a full orbit, discharge it all at once upon command to a specific receiving station.

A whisper from space:

But how can this information possibly get across the hundreds, or in some cases millions, of miles of space?

One problem is that the size of the spacecraft severely limits the power available to it for radio transmitters and receivers. Commercial radio stations use as much as 50,000 watts of broadcast power. The space ship may have as little as five watts.

Receiving antennas on the ground must be able to sort out one specific whispered signal from among those coming from hundreds of other spacecraft, from other space noise including solar radiation, from the mass of radio signals bouncing around within the atmosphere—and interpret its special signal with absolute correctness.

To do this, receivers have to be big. Movable antennas built by General Dynamics have diameters up to 30 feet and can pick up a 5-watt signal from the moon. NASA uses some as big as 85 feet in diameter which have received space signals from as far as 134,000,000 miles away.

Weak ears, big voice:

The concave surface of the antenna, tuned to the specific frequency of the spacecraft it is receiving, collects and focuses the signal to a smaller hyperbolic reflector which, in turn, sends it to a series of amplifiers that boost its intensity.

To "call" the spacecraft, the problem reverses. Its antennas may be as small as five inches in diameter. The signal sent from earth may require peak power of up to 1,000,000 watts.

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MUSIC



SVETLOVA & GAVIN IN "HISTOIRE" WITH STEINBERG SET
And whimsies like window shades.

OPERA

Seattle's *Soldat*

Perhaps because Sir Thomas Beecham once called Seattle a "cultural dustbin," the town in the past few years has been resolutely shaking off the soot. The Seattle Repertory Theater, formed in 1963, plays Molière and Tennessee Williams. The creditable Seattle Symphony plays to S.R.O. audiences in the city's five-year-old cultural center, and the Seattle Opera Association's fledgling company has packed the house for most of its three seasons, attracting such singers as James McCracken and Joan Sutherland to perform with its relatively unknown local talent.

For a production of Igor Stravinsky's *Histoire du Soldat* last week, Seattle Opera Director Glynn Ross got no less a guest star than Stravinsky, who at 84 flew up from Los Angeles to conduct the lyrical fairy tale he composed 50 years ago. In addition, Ross got Saul Steinberg, whose metaphysically satirical cartoons appear in *The New Yorker*, to design the sets; Actor Basil Rathbone was the narrator. Screen Actor John Gavin the soldier, Ballerina Marina Svetlova the princess, and Dancer Anton Dolin the Devil.

Stravinsky called the 93-minute *Soldat* "musical theater without singing." With narration, dialogue, mime and a charming score that prances through tangos, jazz waltzes and chorales, it tells the parable of a soldier who encounters the Devil and sells him his fiddle this soul in exchange for the secret to the world's treasures. When wealth brings

him misery, the soldier regains his fiddle but loses his soul once more by violating the Devil's condition that he never return to his homeland.

Steinberg's sets are multi-layered whimsies raised and lowered like window shades and decorated with semi-Oriental fantasy furniture in the style of china-plate Ming. "I have made the sets to coincide with the work's philosophical nature," Steinberg explained, and then mischievously interpreted Stravinsky's allegory: "This work shows the usefulness of the Devil. He changes people's lives by giving them things they don't really want. The evolutionary quality of the Devil is very useful."

About 2,500 people turned up for the grand performance (leaving 500 seats vacant in the Opera House), but for all the brilliant sets and Stravinsky's authoritative conducting, *Soldat* came off a trifle ragged in places. Which did nothing to discourage Director Ross. Stravinsky and the other stars won't be along, but soon Ross plans to pack up the Steinberg sets and a company of his regular troops to tour with *Soldat* throughout the state's mining towns, lumber camps and Indian reservations.

NEW WORKS

Piston's Vice

Composer Walter Piston was once asked, "Why don't you write more modern music?" "Well," he explained, "every time I start a new piece, I say it's going to be new for me. I work very hard then, and when I get it done, I look at it, and it's the same old Piston."

After 41 years of composing precise, graceful works, it is a wonder that the old Piston, now 73, has not worn down. "At my age," he admits, "ideas do recur.

* Written for only seven instruments: clarinet, bassoon, trumpet, trombone, drum, violin, bass.

but when they do, you simply have to throw them out."

Now retired after teaching composition at Harvard for 34 years, Piston has certainly not stopped playing with new ideas. Last week in Manhattan's Carnegie Hall, Mstislav Rostropovich and the London Symphony Orchestra performed his *Variations for Cello and Orchestra*, a work that Rostropovich asked him to compose two years ago to enlarge the meager repertory of the cello. "He paid me the compliment—unusual for a virtuoso—of asking me to compose for the instrument and not for the player," says Piston.

He had never written for solo cello before, and Piston displayed his own virtuosity by splashing forth a 23-minute polyphonic conversation organized as five variations on a theme. Brass and strings quarreled to the punctuation of tambourines and drums, then drifted in and out of harmony—while with his soaring silkiness, Rostropovich traced wide melodic angles ranging from sad loveliness to brittle dissonance. "I hope it is better than anything else I've written," said Piston. Then he set off to try to do even better on two new commissions. "You can't stop," he explained. "Music is a vice that takes hold of you."

CELLISTS

A Prodigy Comes of Age

One instant she looked like a pukeish milkmaid, the next like Ophelia going mad. The music was Schumann's cello concerto, a rapturous, heart-on-the-sleeve piece that was clearly intended to sear, not soothe, the savage breast. The cellist was Britain's Jacqueline Du Pré, who performed last week in Manhattan with Leonard Bernstein's New York Philharmonic. It was a performance to be seen as much as heard, for Du Pré couldn't sit still a minute.

Swathed in acres of floor-length red chiffon, she attacked her cello in ungainly frenzy, reaching forward to take a massive chop with her bow, arching her back, tossing her head, closing in on the cello again and again.

If her stage presence seemed a little mannered, Jacqueline Du Pré could be forgiven. She is only 22, and her exuberance is part of her considerable talent. Her musicianship is anything but immature, however. Her sound is rich and round, her technique impeccable, and her sweeping phrases captivating. She has been compared by some critics to the late great Portuguese cellist Guilhermina Suggia and even Pablo Casals. That may be premature—but only somewhat.

Big Enough. Seldom have women tackled the cello with such power. In this century, Suggia (1888-1950) was one of the few women with sufficient strength to compete on equal terms with men. Jacqueline Du Pré is big enough, both musically and physically (5 ft. 9 in., 150 lbs.), perhaps because she literally grew up with a cello. The

daughter of an English business executive, she was four years old when she heard the instrument played on a BBC broadcast in London. "All I remember," she says, "is that it had a nice sound. So I asked Mother for a cello."

Her mother, a concert pianist under her maiden name, Iris Greep, went out and bought the first one she saw, a three-quarter length box that served until Jacqueline was six and began taking lessons at the London Cello School. She progressed so brilliantly that at the age of eleven she won the Suggia International Cello Award. After seven years of tutoring under London Cellist William Pleeth, she worked for five months in Moscow with Mstislav Rostropovich.

No Neuroses. The two most generous compliments she ever received came anonymously. In 1961, a nameless but extravagant fan contributed enough money to enable her to buy a 1673 Stradivarius now valued at \$12,000. Two years ago, another anonymous admirer shelled out \$90,000 for Jacqueline's other Strad—the famous "Davidov," once owned by the 19th century Russian cellist Carl Davidov. "The first has an earthy, peasant sound," Jacqueline says. "The Davidov is fine and clear. The extraordinary thing is that the wood still lives after 300 years."

It is also extraordinary that though she plays with all the maturity and confidence of her instruments, Jacqueline suffers none of the neuroses of a former prodigy. Her temperament is as direct and gay as her cello is brooding and introspective. She lives in a London flat and loves the city's mod fashions, but unfortunately, she says, "I couldn't wear a miniskirt and play the cello."



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SPORT

TRACK & FIELD

Jetting into Gear

A British sports magazine picked him as its "Sportsman of the Year" for 1966. His face has been on the covers of publications in Sweden, Germany and Finland and he was the subject of a TV documentary in France. But in the U.S., Tommie Smith, 22, a home-grown lad from Acworth, Texas, is virtually unknown. He was not even among the ten candidates for the A.A.U.'s 1966 Sullivan Award to the country's top amateur athlete. And the oversight seems doubly strange because Smith is currently the best sprinter in the world, as well as one of the most versatile athletes in the history of track and field.

Only four men have ever run the 100-meter dash faster than the San Jose (Calif.) State College senior, who has clocked 10.1 sec. (the world record is 10 sec. flat); the 100 is not even his specialty. Only a handful can long-jump farther; Smith has done 26 ft. 10 in. unofficially, even though he has never practiced the event. In the 220-yd. dash, nobody comes anywhere close. Last spring in San Jose, Tommie ran the 220 on a straight course in 19.5 sec., clipping .5 sec. off Dave Sime's ten-year-old world record; he then went out and whisked 220 yds. around a turn in 20 sec. flat, slicing .2 sec. off Henry Carr's 1964 mark. This year Tommie has turned his attention to still another event—the quarter-mile—and in Louisville last month, he sprinted 440 yds. in 46.2 sec., to smash Theron Lewis's world record by almost 1 sec.

A lanky (6 ft. 3½ in., 167 lbs.) Negro who wears sun glasses "for person-

ality" and is so relaxed that he often catnaps for ten or 15 minutes before a race, Smith is called "Jet Gear" by rival sprinters—because of his huge stride (8 ft. 11 in.) and incredible acceleration. "Other sprinters reach their top speed at 75 yds. and then decelerate," says his coach, Lloyd ("Bud") Winter. "Tommie is still accelerating at the end of 100 or 220 yds. He can sustain a speed of 26 m.p.h."

An expert on sprinting techniques who has written books on the subject and coached three previous world record holders (Harold Davis, Ray Norton and Dennis Johnson), Winter concedes that Smith is still only a mediocre starter—"he used to be terrible"—a weakness that Bud is trying hard to correct. To improve Tommie's drive off the blocks, Winter makes him practice starts in a gymnastic belt equipped with reins that the coach hangs onto for dear life. He has to. "Tommie is getting so he can drag me right down the track," says Winter. He also has set San Jose State scientists to work figuring out whether concave spikes on Smith's shoes would speed him up, whether cutting air holes in Tommie's shorts would reduce drag while he is running. He means it, too. "Our goal," says Winter, "is to break every sprint record in the books."

FIGURE SKATING

Growing Up & Staying There

As far as Peggy Fleming is concerned, getting to the top is a whole lot more fun than being there. Last year Peggy was a carefree, 17-year-old high school girl who confounded experts by taking the women's world figure-skating title away from Canada's Petra Burka. Last week she was back to defend her title in Vienna—this time as a serious-minded college freshman, worried about



VICTORY LASSITER

CHAMPION FLEMING AT VIENNA

Just wait till she gets up off the ice.

her studies and her future. A repeat victory at Vienna might ensure her the lucrative pro career she has been counting on ever since her father, a newspaper pressman in Colorado Springs, Colo., died of a heart attack last April. "I have everything to lose," she whispered at rinkside as she watched her 22 competitors from twelve countries practice their compulsory "school" figures—the "counters," "threes," "brackets," "rockers" and "serpentine loops" that count for 60% of a skater's score.

Peggy need not have worried. All fall long, while she was attending Colorado College, she worked out for six hours a day, often starting before dawn so that practices would not interfere with classes. The hard work paid dividends quickly: on the first of the compulsory figures, an "inside counter"—a kind of figure eight performed mainly on the inside edges of the skate blades—Peggy jumped into an eight-point lead over Canada's Valerie Jones, 20, over East Germany's Gabriele Seyrtel. By the end of three days and six figures, she was ahead by 69 points. "The best we can hope for now is second place," complained Gabriele's mother. "Peggy is practically unbeatable."

That was more than anybody could say for the other Americans: the best U.S. male skater, Gary Visconti, finished behind two Austrians and the top U.S. pairs team, Cynthia and Ronald Kauffman, behind pairs from Russia and Germany. But Peggy clinched one gold medal for the U.S. with a magnificent free-skating exhibition that started out as a disaster when she fell trying to execute a difficult "double axel"—a double backward spin. The audience gasped, then cheered as Peggy picked herself up and went back to her routine as if nothing had happened. Dressed in shocking pink, skating to the strains of



WINTER REINING IN SMITH

Just wait till they cut holes in his shorts.



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TIME, MARCH 10, 1967

Decisions, Decisions

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Tchaikovsky's *Pathétique* and Verdi's *La Traviata*, she swept through a series of loops, spins, splits, lutzers and spread-eagles with mathematical precision and ballet-like grace. Finally, she tried a second double-axel ("Oh was I scared.")—and this time it was picture perfect. The crowd gave her a standing ovation, and the judges were so impressed that all seven rated her in first place despite her spill. That was nice, allowed Champion Fleming, "but I would still like to go out there again and do it right this time."

COACHES

Slipping in Slush

The college coaching profession is not noted as a haven of security, but if anybody seemed safe in his job it was Pete Elliott, the University of Illinois' football coach since 1960. Blond, still boyish at 41, a graduate of the University of Michigan where he was the only twelve-letter man in the school's his-

Munn—was implicated in a similar scandal himself, in 1953. For punishment, Michigan State was placed on probation for one year. All told, fully half of the Big Ten have been caught breaking the rules at one time or another; yet no coaches have ever been fired before. Besides, neither Elliott nor Combes nor Braun had anything personally to do with the creation of the Illinois slush fund; it was started in 1961 by the school's athletic director, Douglas Mills, who has since retired.

The \$21,000 involved was dispensed mainly in dribs and drabs: \$9.18 to pay for a recruited athlete's motel room, \$2.11 for another to make an emergency phone call. Some of the money was budgeted for Illinois scouts' traveling expenses. One football player received a total of \$300 to cover his wife's medical expenses. Most got nothing at all, and the rest averaged less than \$15 per month, which is a permissible amount under N.C.A.A. rules but not under the Big Ten's. Ironically,



COMBES



BRUNN



ELLIOTT

Judgment by their peers.

tory, Elliott survived his share of losing seasons, took his team to the Rose Bowl in 1964, was so highly thought of as an administrator that both Illinois and Northwestern offered him the post of athletic director.

Now the idyl has ended. Scandalized by the disclosure that needy Illinois athletes had received "walking-around money" from an alumni-financed slush fund, the Big Ten's athletic directors voted last month to expel Illinois from the conference—unless the university fired Elliott as well as Basketball Coach Harry Combes and his assistant Howard Braun. Last week Illinois appealed the decision to the Big Ten board of faculty representatives, and got turned down cold.

Dribs & Drabs. The sentence was surprising—both in its severity and in its source. Although conference rules forbid any financial assistance to athletes beyond board, room, tuition and fees, slush funds are finding new in the Big Ten: at least one of the athletic directors who sat in judgment on Illinois—Michigan State's Clarence ("Biggie")

meticulous records were kept of all disbursements, so that Elliott, Combes and Braun helped convict themselves. And it was Illinois' own president, David Henry, who presented the Big Ten with the evidence, fully expecting that the university then would be permitted to discipline itself by putting the coaches on probation and suspending the athletes involved.

"Not Here!" Word of the sentence provoked a storm of protest at Illinois. "It's incredible," said one athlete. "I just can't believe it could happen here." President Henry called the dismissal order "too harsh," and Illinois Governor Otto Kerner asked for "justice and mercy." A group of alumni in Champaign, Ill. began circulating a statewide petition, demanding that Illinois go ahead and withdraw from the Big Ten rather than fine the coaches. But at week's end such a decision seemed unlikely. The three coaches will probably be fired, Illinois will probably stay in the Big Ten, and the other nine schools will surely check their own houses to see just how glassy they are.

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Highly diverse. Very advanced in technology, with operations in more than 200 worldwide locations.

This is TRW.

As a leader in components and systems for electronics, space, aircraft,

automotive, defense, and industrial markets, TRW doesn't even deal directly with most people. Yet it is only people that we do things for.

TRW

TRW INC. (Formerly Thomson Ramo Wooldridge Inc.), Cleveland, Ohio—Balanced diversity in Electronics, Space, Aircraft, Automotive, Defense and Industrial Markets.



All over the world King George IV sells at the same price as the other 'top 12' Scotches (London \$7.28)

But here, it is the only 'top 12' you can buy for about \$5.00

The Scots produce it, we bottle it... and pass the savings on to you. Why are we so generous? We want to become the largest selling Scotch around.

100% BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKIES, 40 PROOF. SOLE DISTRIBUTOR U.S.A. MUNSON G. SHAW, NEW YORK, N. Y.

King George IV

How to put your insurance agent on the spot

(Ask him about first year dividends the next time you talk life insurance.)

You might get nothing for an answer except a big, blank stare. On the other hand, you might be talking to a Mutual Benefit agent. We do pay a dividend the first year to every policyholder who continues his policy 3 months into the second year. It's a nice help in cutting the cost of that 2nd year's premium.

(It's also nice to know you're a first-class policyholder right off.)

MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE

THE MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y. OFFICE: 100 WALL STREET

MILESTONES

Married. Liza Minnelli, 20, Judy Garland's songbird daughter; and Peter Allen, 23, Australian song-and-dance man; in Manhattan.

Married. Prince Charles of Luxembourg, 39, younger brother of reigning Grand Duke Jean of Luxembourg; and Joan Douglas Dillon, 32, daughter of Investment Banker C. Douglas Dillon, onetime U.S. Secretary of the Treasury; she for the second time; in Guildford, England.

Married. Robert Bolt, 42, British playwright (*A Man for All Seasons*) and Oscar-winning film scenarist (*Doctor Zhivago*); and Sarah Miles, 24, British actress (*Blow-Up*); he for the second time; in Woking, England.

Died. Mark DeWolfe Howe, 60, professor of constitutional law at Harvard, who served his apprenticeship as a clerk to Supreme Court Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes (whose life he later chronicled in a definitive biography), went on to become one of the nation's foremost legal historians and teachers and an indefatigable campaigner for civil liberties and rights; of a heart attack; in Cambridge, Mass.

Died. Norman Tishman, 65, big-city real estate developer who, with his four brothers, anticipated the transformation of Manhattan's Park Avenue from a high-income residential address to an ideal office-building location with construction of the Universal Pictures Building in 1947, then cashed in (\$156 million assets last year) on the high-rise building boom across the U.S.; of a disease of the nervous system; in Manhattan.

Died. Henry Robinson Luce, 68, founder of *TIME*, *LIFE*, *FORTUNE*, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*; of a heart attack; in Phoenix (see p. 26).

Died. Dave Dreyer, 72, Tin Pan Alley composer who made his fame in the 1930s by writing such toe-tapping tunes as *Cecilia*, *Me and My Shadow*, *Back in Your Own Back Yard*; of a kidney disease; in Manhattan.

Died. Gerard B. Lambert, 80, venturesome businessman who made Listerine a U.S. household word by coupling his father's antiseptic mouthwash to the word halitosis (meaning bad breath in Latin), was so successful that he was able to sell out for \$25 million in 1928, after which he spent four years, from 1931 to 1934, putting an edge on Gillette Co. (by introducing a one-piece razor and the blue blade) before retiring for good to sail his J-class sloops *Yankee* and *Vanitie* in numerous America's Cup trials without notable success; of arteriosclerosis; in Princeton, N.J.

Scovill puts the pressure on beautiful women.

When hair spray goes on with a psssst!—chances are, Scovill's aerosol valve is at the bottom of it.

Scovill, you see, originated the industry's fastest-loading, mass-produced pressure-fill valve. Result: you have more push-button products at your fingertips than ever before. Everything from insect repellents to air fresheners.

Turning out original product ideas has been a way of business with Scovill since 1802.

Examples: we received the world's first patent on a safety pin that could be opened from either side; invented the first laundry-proof snap fastener; made new dress styles possible with our Nylaire zippers; originated the Hamilton Beach electric knife (the one with the hole in the handle); built America's first large-scale continuous casting machine for brass mill products.

For product ideas that are original, keep your eye on Scovill—a company that has paid continuous dividends for 111 years—the longest unbroken record of any industrial on the big board. For further information, write Scovill, Waterbury, Connecticut.



SCOVILL

... the Originators

When they said,
"Show us parts that
work harder and
weigh less"... the men at Reynolds
replied, "Look at the
86 aluminum parts
in this '67 model."

When you look for aluminum in the new cars, don't judge solely by the parts that meet the eye, although there's plenty of handsome aluminum trim to see.

Detroit engineers know that this metal can do a lot more than trim a car. So for years they've used it in working parts, as well—parts that slash dead weight to improve car performance.

In transmissions, for example, and intake manifolds, alternator housings, pistons, oil, water, and fuel pumps. And more recently, in radiators, air conditioners, dual braking system pistons, collapsible steering wheel components, and electrical coils.

Aluminum, with its lighter weight, helps make cars that handle easier, accelerate faster, and stop quicker, but that's not all. Its strength, high thermal and electrical conductivity, corrosion resistance, and non-magnetic properties make parts that are more efficient and durable.

And when you consider the manufacturing advantages aluminum offers—its workability, versatility, economies in tooling and assembly—you can see why it attracts the automotive experts.

The automotive research and engineering men at Reynolds, working closely with the manufacturers, have been in the thick of this steady development of aluminum parts. Reynolds is, in fact, the major supplier of aluminum to the automotive industry.

You'll find Reynolds the leader in pioneering uses for aluminum in other fields, as well: packaging, architecture and building, industry. So if you're looking for answers to new questions, your man at Reynolds can be a good place to start. Contact the local Reynolds office or write Reynolds Metals Company, P.O. Box, 2346-LI, Richmond, Virginia 23219.



REYNOLDS
where new ideas take shape in
ALUMINUM

Watch "The Red Skelton Hour," Tuesdays, CBS-TV







35 minutes ago, Tom Roberts was told he'd have to fly to London in less than three hours! Will he have time to cash a check, take his passport out of the safe deposit box, buy some travelers checks and get a letter of introduction?

You can bank on it. At a Full Service bank.

You get more for your money at a Full Service bank

	Full Service Banks	Savings and Loan Assns.	Mutual Savings Banks
Savings Accounts	✓	✓	✓
Checking Accounts	✓		
All Kinds of Loans	✓		
Every Banking Service	✓		



U.S. BUSINESS



CBS CHAIRMAN PALEY



EMPLOYEE MANTLE TRYING OUT FIRST BASE

Prime spot for the *Late Late Show*.

ACQUISITIONS

CBS Buys Books

In a series of acquisitions starting in 1964, CBS's big eye has fallen most notably on such things as banjos and baseball. Though he has long proclaimed his company's "enthusiasm for those things which can improve the process of education," CBS Chairman William S. Paley has been tardy in joining the emerging knowledge industry. Last week Paley announced that CBS was enrolling at last by buying out—in a deal involving an estimated \$275 million in CBS stock—Manhattan's venerable publishing house of Holt, Rinehart & Winston.

The acquisition of Holt will give it a prime spot in the knowledge industry, which is largely based on corporate partnerships that wed electronics and the printed word so as to participate in the U.S.'s education explosion. Since 1965, Raytheon has bought Boston's D.C. Heath, Xerox has assumed control of the Wesleyan University Press, and RCA, parent of CBS's great rival, NBC, has taken over Random House, is also diversifying in other ways (see *following story*). Time Inc. and General Electric have gone into a fifty-fifty partnership in a new firm called General Learning Corp. Beverly Hills-based Litton Industries plans to buy the American Book Co.

At various times, CBS has looked over Curtis Publishing Co., held inconclusive talks with the Boston textbook house, Allyn and Bacon. With Holt, the indirect approach proved more successful. Holt President Alfred C. Edwards was caught by surprise last September when CBS paid some \$19 million for the stock held by his biggest (10.8%) shareholders, Texas Entrepreneurs Clint and John Murchison. Upset at the time, Edwards since has warmed to the idea of CBS's rich (1966 sales: \$815 million) corporate shelter.

Itself the prosperous product of a 1960 merger of 101-year-old Henry

Holt & Co. and two other houses, Holt depends on its school texts and other educational materials for 80% of its business. Its general book division, which has published Robert Louis Stevenson, William James and Robert Frost, has declined to 7%. For the rest, Holt has not only a growing business in educational movies and other teaching aids, but a group of four magazines, including that staunch sportsman's standby *Field & Stream*. Overall earnings last year rose 28%, to \$6.6 million on sales of \$70 million—enough to make it CBS's third biggest moneymaking division, after TV and Columbia Records.

All in all, CBS already has more acts going than the *Ed Sullivan Show*. Beyond its established operations in radio and TV, phonograph records and technological R. & D., it has 1) a quartet of companies that make drums, banjos, electric guitars, violin strings and other musical gear, 2) a pair of small Los Angeles producers of educational films, 3) Creative Playthings, a Princeton,

N.J. maker of instructional toys and 4) the New York Yankees, who have been teaching the first baseman's trade to their brawny but brittle superstar, ex-Outfielder Mickey Mantle, in order to preserve his ailing legs—and possibly get out of last place next season.

NBC Buys Golf

While CBS was moving from the ballpark to meet rival NBC at the bookshelf, NBC itself was getting more involved with sports. Last week NBC President Julian Goodman in Manhattan and Golfer Arnold Palmer in Miami the was there for the \$100,000 Doral Open) let it be known that the network would buy five of Arnie's eight companies, including the multitalented Arnold Palmer Enterprises, Inc., of which he now owns 60%. NBC will also sign on President Palmer himself as an NBC sportscaster.

Arnie's enterprises are just about as far flung as Arnie's Army—with headquarters in Cleveland, major offices in Los Angeles, Manhattan and Pleasantville, N.J., as well as branches as far away as Tokyo. Palmer's businesses range up respectable sales of nearly \$15 million last year from buffs who like to stay in Palmer motels, learn the game from Palmer books, practice on the Palmer driving ranges and putting greens, relax to Palmer records, wear Palmer clothes and get them pressed at Palmer dry cleaners.

What NBC will pay for all this—and for exclusive rights to Arnie's personal TV and radio appearances—is still being worked out. He is supposed to continue to manage Arnold Palmer Enterprises and the other companies. Actual-



NBC PRESIDENT GOODMAN



MANAGER PALMER AT DORAL OPEN

Join the army and see the world.

ly, Palmer is concentrating on his golf card this year (and has so far won the \$100,000 Los Angeles Open and the \$60,000 Tucson Open), will probably leave the ledgers as usual to his business manager and No. 2 stockholder, Attorney Mark H. McCormack. Whatever the terms of the deal, they should ease Palmer's perennial if improbable worries about finances. Even as golf's leading moneywinner (\$754,450 through 1966), the son of a La Roche, Pa., greenskeeper has been known to mumble privately that "no matter what happens, I can always dig ditches."

Not much chance of that. Beyond the businesses that will go to NBC, Arnie still has plenty of income-producing properties. Among them: Chattanooga's equipment-making Arnold Palmer Golf Co. and, not least, Arnie's own bag of clubs.

ADVERTISING

Reincarnation

Almost unnoticed beyond Madison Avenue was the brief announcement last month that the ad agency of Kastor Foote Hilton & Atherton Inc. had changed its name to just plain Emerson Foote, Inc. The switch was significant: it meant that Emerson Foote, 60, had once again set up shop in a serious way.

Foote is part of advertising folklore. Alabama-born, he was a bank teller and a clerk before he traveled to San Francisco for his first ad job in 1931 as a researcher with a small agency. By 1938, he was in the big time. As a creative man with Albert Lasker's Lord & Thomas agency, Foote handled the American Tobacco Co. account, led the group-think that produced such slogans as "Lucky Strike Green Has Gone to War." He was one of the few who got along with irascible Cigarette Magnate George Washington Hill, as a result rose to vice president. In the 1947 movie, *The Hucksters*, in which Sydney Greenstreet represented Hill, suave Adolphe Menjou was supposed to be Foote, bleeding ulcerwise and beaming sycophantwise as Greenstreet spat on a conference table. "I don't think I could impersonate Mr. Menjou very well, and I don't think he could impersonate me very well," laughs Foote.

Peripatetic President. When Lasker retired and sold off Lord & Thomas to his employees, Foote led the reorganization of the company into today's Foote, Cone & Belding, Inc. He stayed on for eight years, then in 1951 shifted over to bigger McCann-Erickson, Inc. as a vice president. Even in a peripatetic business, Foote moved around more than most. He left McCann not once but twice, the first time over "policy differences," the second because of what he describes as a crisis of conscience. A reformed chain smoker who worried increasingly about cancer, Foote finally decided not to work for any agency that had a cigarette client. After 1964, he spent much of his time with the National Interagency Council on Smoking and Health. An ad that he wrote for the cancer society is one of



EMERSON FOOTE, INC.'S FOOTE
Bleeding and beaming again.

his personal favorites. Its message: "Give to Conquer Cancer—Strike Back."

Foote pined so much for his old profession that in November 1965 he wrote one more piece of copy. It ran in *Advertising Age*, and in it Emerson Foote asked for "another opportunity to serve in the advertising business." Sorting out 100 responses, Foote took up an offer to buy in and become president of Kastor, Hilton, Chesley, Clifford & Atherton, Inc., which was then reeling from a scandal concerning Regimen tablets. Kastor Hilton had been fined \$50,000 for falsely claiming that Regimen was an effective weight reducer—the first time an agency was also held liable for defrauding the public.

Regimen Hurl. Foote moved in seven months after the Regimen scandal climaxed. Now, owning 87% of the stock, in what he calls his "third incarnation in advertising," he is intent on making the shop illustrious again. Says Foote of the Regimen affair: "That hurt us. We lost accounts totaling \$2,500,000 as a result of the conviction, and we found it a handicap both in attracting business and people." Today Emerson Foote, Inc.'s billings are \$9,100,000 vs. \$14 million at Kastor Hilton's peak.

Foote's aim is to do more copywriting and creative work himself, attract new business by avoiding the humorously apologetic type of advertising now prevalent; he feels it is a passing industry fancy. "We're in a phase of self-consciousness," Foote says. "Too much attention is being focused on the agency rather than the product, as in the case of Doyle Dane Bernbach or Wells, Rich, Greene, or Carl Ally Inc. The best advertising is often inconspicuous—Campbell's Soup, Cutty Sark and especially Salem cigarettes." Foote also stresses honesty to the young staff he is assembling. A lot of people took Ogilvy & Mather's Rolls-Royce ad—the one

claiming that at 60 m.p.h. the loudest noise is made by the clock—as an amusing put-on. Not Foote. "That claim simply isn't true," he says earnestly. "I've tested it myself." Foote also doubts that there is such a thing as "soft" whisky, and he adds, "There may be more Poles in New York City than Warsaw, but no one really knows whether or not they drink Rheingold beer."

INSURANCE

Change in Standings

Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. Chairman Gilbert W. Fitzhugh last week felt a little like a Hertz executive who had been told that Avis had finally overtaken him. The mighty Met, long the second biggest U.S. company after A.I. & T. in terms of assets, and No. 1 in the insurance field for nearly half a century, lost honors to rival Prudential Insurance Co. of America. By the margin of \$83,020,000, the Pru outdid its competitor, ended the year with assets of \$23,594,698,000 v. \$23,511,678,000 for the Met. Part of the gain was due to the fact that Prudential got a better return on investments.

Prudential President Orville E. Beal beamed over the coup, while Metropolitan's Fitzhugh was understandably rueful. "We wish we had stayed in first place," he said. "When you've been first at anything for a number of years, you don't like to be second." Fitzhugh's company is at least still first in another important measure of the industry. It has \$130 billion worth of insurance in force, more than Prudential's \$121.7 billion and double the total for third place Equitable Life Assurance.

THE ECONOMY

Selective Stimulus

With slowdown signposts appearing all over the U.S. economy, the Federal Reserve Board last week moved to ease the cost of money. In its own words, the board meant to assure "that the availability of credit is adequate to provide for orderly economic growth."

In a two-stage order that becomes fully effective next week, the board reduced from 4% to 3% the amount of interest-bearing time deposits that banks must keep on hand as unwithdrawable reserves. The change applies only to the first \$5,000,000 of a bank's total time deposits; anything over that remains under the stiff 6% reserve requirement imposed during last summer's credit squeeze. This partial easing will free an additional \$850 million for lending, mostly in 5,945 rural and small-city banks. Bankers can already lend about \$7 for every \$1 they have in reserves, and this "multiplier effect" will therefore allow the newly liberated \$850 million to ripple through the economy as a \$6 billion credit stimulus.

Simmer Down. To be sure, the stimulus will be selective: big-city banks, whose time deposits far exceed the \$5,000,000 that qualifies for the Fed's

lower 3% requirement, will find the new funds relatively less important. But the easing measure promises to give some breathing room to such hard-pressed sectors of the economy as housebuilding. In San Francisco, Bank of America President Rudolph Peterson welcomed the Federal Reserve Board's "help to stimulate expansion, particularly in the housing area," promptly cut rates for some home mortgages from 6½ to 6¼%.

The Fed also aimed to slap down loose talk, particularly prevalent in the New York money markets, that it has already gone about as far as it will in easing the money supply. Acting on that notion, corporations threatened a ruinous replay of last summer's credit crisis by once again lining up to borrow. On the bond market alone, new corporate issues scheduled for this month total a record \$1.5 billion—which could spark a new upward spiral in bank and bond rates. The Fed's warning seemed to have effect. Key 91-day Treasury bills, which had been quoted at a yield of 4.68% as recently as six weeks ago, simmered down to 4.34% after the announcement.

All Too Cool. The Fed's action was salve to the stock market. The Dow-Jones industrial average had already worried off 14 points from its Feb. 8 high of 861 for the year when the market met one of its all-too-familiar Mondays. Hit by a scatter shot of news about turnarounds in steel, machine-tool and rail-equipment orders, the Dow-Jones plunged 10.69 points—its biggest drop in three months. When the Fed's easy-money move came at midweek, it helped power the market to a 4.12-point gain in a trading day so turbulent that at one point the stock ticker was twelve minutes late.

At 846.6, having made up all but a fraction of Monday's damage—despite a continuing parade of signs that the lately overheated U.S. economy is growing too cool. The Commerce Department reported that factory orders had slipped 4.6% in January, causing the sharpest downturn in manufacturing order back-

logs since the 1960-61 recession. And as far as automakers in particular were concerned, February was even chillier. Compared with the same month last year, sales were down 23.5% at G.M., 24.1% at Ford, and 22.7% at Chrysler.

Should the worrisome statistics continue for many more weeks, Washington's economists are betting that the Administration will have to match the Fed's monetary moves with some fiscal stimulus of its own—perhaps even putting off its proposal for a 6% tax surcharge.

MANAGEMENT

Hauling Down the Horse Flag?

In the 1860s, when maritime raiders roamed the East Coast to lure sailing ships onto reefs and loot them, a mustached sea captain, Israel J. Merritt of New York, organized an honest salvage operation. Merritt's aim was to save a vessel from sinking if he could—or, if he could not, to salvage it and its cargo. He succeeded so well that his firm, joined by two others, grew into Merritt-Chapman & Scott, the nation's largest corporation involved in marine salvage, and later a construction giant as well. But eventually, Merritt-Chapman & Scott itself fell prey to raiders of a modern sort. As a result, the company has been sinking slowly—to the point where its officers announced last week that they will propose liquidation when shareholders meet next month.

Selling Off. Merritt-Chapman's fate was to be taken over in 1951 by Louis E. Wolfson, now 55, perhaps the U.S.'s most renowned corporation raider. Since he became the principal shareholder Wolfson has been stung with a dozen suits by angry investors, last fall was indicted by a federal grand jury on charges of fraudulent dealings in Merritt-Chapman stock, which could cost him 14 years in jail.

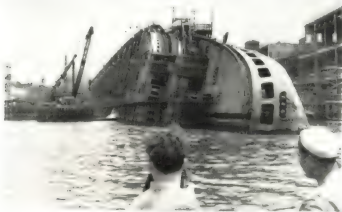
Such stock manipulations, if they occurred, are only one of Merritt-Chapman's misfortunes under Wolfson. Another is that he tried to build up and

broaden the company too fast. Bled by such acquisitions as the unprofitable New York Shipbuilding Corp., the firm's profits and dividends have been dropping; in 1966, there was a loss of \$740,000 and no dividend at all. To halt the drain, Wolfson sold off a paint company, a small steel mill, the company's derrick division and a small shipyard, but the future seems so stormy that liquidation may be the only solution. Along with its losses on operations last year, Merritt-Chapman also added a \$3,233,000 "special charge" to the books as a provision against losses if other properties have to be sold.

Maine to Normandie. If Merritt-Chapman & Scott has to haul down its famous black-horse house flag, which has waved since Israel Merritt's day, a remarkable tradition will die. When the *Maine* blew up in Havana harbor, touching off the Spanish-American War, it was Merritt-Chapman that the U.S. Government called on to determine whether the mysterious blast came from inside the hull or outside. Investigators decided that it was external, but some historians still disagree. Years later, the organization was summoned to raise a far bigger hull, the capsized *Normandie*, which caught fire and turned over at a Manhattan pier during World War II.

In the past two decades, Merritt-Chapman has had a hand in more than \$1.5 billion worth of construction work, including the Mackinac Bridge, the Chesapeake Bay Bridge-Tunnel, the Niagara Power Project, the Glen Canyon Dam in Arizona, Priest Rapids Dam in Washington and the New Jersey Turnpike. The company also undertook smaller projects ranging from roads in Ethiopia to Air Force early-warning stations in Labrador.

Should Merritt-Chapman & Scott, by some stroke of genius, avoid liquidation, it would have to get along without Wolfson. Stung by the suits and charges against him, Wolfson protests that "when you can't be an individual, a pioneer, I'm getting out." Israel Merritt had a different view of pioneering.



CAPSIZED "NORMANDIE"

Prey to raiders of a modern sort.



SEA CAPTAIN MERRITT

WORLD BUSINESS

SYRIA

Turning the Valves

In December, the 550-mile oil pipeline stretching from Kirkuk, Iraq, across 305 miles of Syria to the Mediterranean ports of Baniyas and Tripoli went as dry as the arid land through which it snakes. The reason: in a dispute with Western-owned, London-based Iraq Petroleum Co. over transit and terminal fees, socialist Syria squelched the flow.

Last week a settlement was reached, and Syria turned the valves to start the 950,000 bbl. a day of crude oil gurgling once again toward the coast. That night Premier Youssef Zayen, 56, went on radio and TV to declare "a triumph of the struggling masses over Western monopolies." Following his speech, the audience again heard the lyrics of a song written especially for the crisis:

Arabs oil is for the Arabs, all the Arabs.

Either we get our rights or we will set it afire.

No one set the oil afire, and all parties involved lost from the shutdown, but the Syrians were clearly winners in the settlement. I.P.C. agreed to raise the transit-terminal royalties that it pays to Syria by a hefty 50%, to about \$42 million. Also, it paid retroactive fees back to Jan. 1, 1966, of \$14 million. I.P.C. lost its bid to cut the featherbedded work force down to 1,000 from 3,400 (hired to repair the pipeline blown up by Syria during the Suez crisis of 1956).

Left unresolved was the staggering \$110 million that the Syrians say is owed them because of ten years of "faulty bookkeeping" by the company. I.P.C. wants the issue settled by compulsory arbitration, but Syria does not want to lose this ace, preferring to threaten future closing of the pipeline

should the company become difficult and refuse further demands.

In the end, the happiest to hear of the settlement were Middle Easterners themselves, who have suffered the uncommonly cold Middle East winter with inadequate supplies of bottled gas.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

Competing with the West

Out of the Czech town of Mladá Boleslav last week came a set of production statistics meant to impress the West as well as local consumers. Daily output of autos from the town's Skoda plant had reached 340; by the end of this year it would rise to 400, for a total 1967 total of over 100,000 cars.

The figures are minuscule by the standards of such Western giants as General Motors, Ford, or even Volkswagen. But in Skoda's case, they are significant not only to Czechoslovakia but to all of Communist Eastern Europe. If nothing else, Skoda's snappy, rugged little family compact, the 1000 MB, proves that Communism can at least try to compete in highly competitive western auto markets. Where such products as Russia's Zil and East Germany's Trabant have failed to make even the smallest dent in the Western market, Skoda's 1000 MB has become increasingly popular on roads from Cologne to Christchurch, N.Z. Last year Skoda turned out 77,000 of the cars, up from 60,000 in 1965. Nearly half were exported to the West, bringing in more than \$30 million to the Czech economy, which is starving for hard currency.

Following the Leaders. If the 1000 MB looks familiar, it is no coincidence. Before production started in 1964, Chief Designer Frantisek Sajdl made extensive studies of Western compacts. His four-door 1000 MB has a 48-h.p., four-cylinder, liquid-cooled engine that sits astern of the rear axle. The car's top speed is 78 m.p.h. against 74 m.p.h. for the Volkswagen bug; it gets 38 miles to



SKODA'S MODEL 1000 MB

Compact competition for the capitalists.

the gallon against Renault's 39. While far from fancy, the plastic interior trim is durable. Its two front bucket seats fold back for sleeping, and the car's rack-and-pinion steering makes for good road-holding quality.

All but unmarketed in North America, the 1000 MB sells at hard-currency prices ranging from \$1,195 in West Germany to \$1,350 in Austria and about \$1,500 in England (purchase taxes account for the cost differential). It is easier for a foreigner to buy a Skoda than for a Czech, since the government places a high priority on exports. The list price for a 1000 MB in Czechoslovakia is 45,600 crowns, or \$3,040, and the waiting period is more than three years. Even so, some 160,000 Czechs have already put down deposits averaging \$1,300 each just to get themselves on the waiting list.

Changing the Design. Long known as a munitions and armaments maker, and recently a manufacturer of anti-aircraft guns for North Viet Nam, Skoda is also an automotive pioneer. The firm built its first car, an open-top two-seater called the Voutrette, as early as 1901. After World War II and the Communist takeover, Skoda's major model was a small sedan called the Oktavia, which gained little popularity in the West. Yet it was only after a long fight that Skoda's management was given government permission to make the radical design departure from the Oktavia that resulted in the 1000 MB.

The handy little auto could probably sell even better if the government did not insist that it must be marketed abroad by the state trading organization, Motokov. Pretty good at long-distance peddling, Motokov's Prague-based bureaucrats export an extensive line of products including bicycles, buzz saws, machine tools and household appliances—far too many items for the sort of sales effort Skoda executives would prefer for the 1000 MB. Says one Skoda man, "Motokov has many very good people, but it isn't ideal to have them sitting far from the factory selling a car they know nothing about."



IRAQ PETROLEUM CO. PIPES IN BANIYAS

With a song created especially for the crisis.



He sought a pinpoint in a jungle of ice

The same marine tradition that shaped Atlantic's insurance protection for Peary's ship produces better insurance for you today

When the *Roosevelt* steamed north from Nova Scotia in July, 1908, she carried a man obsessed with a dream. To win for America the discovery of the North Pole.

In 20 years of arctic exploration, Commander Robert E. Peary had come frustratingly close. Now, at age 52, he was setting out for his last shot at the Pole. It was to be the supreme effort of his life.

Once in Ballin Bay, the powerfully engined *Roosevelt* rammed, dodged, and squeezed through treacherous ice masses, fighting her way to the very edge of the Arctic Ocean. Five hundred bitter miles ahead lay the goal that had eluded men for over four centuries.

At 50° below zero, Peary headed his sledges out over mountainous pressure ridges and across miles of unpredictable sea ice, most of it in motion. For 37 days he and a handful of helpers fought for every step of the way.

On April 6, 1909, Robert E. Peary triumphantly raised the Stars and Stripes at the pinpoint which represents the top of the world. No man since has sledged to the North Pole.

In insuring Peary's ship against all the hazards of the arctic, Atlantic was guided by a broadminded approach that said, *do what's best for the policyholder first*. This is the marine tradition in insurance.

That means when we insure your home, your car, your boat, or your business, we put emphasis on quality protection. And on claim payments that are prompt, fair, and ungrudging. We've never abandoned these principles in 125 years.

Where can you get this quality Atlantic insurance? Through independent agents or brokers. We've found they serve our customers best.

The Atlantic Companies

Quality Insurance for Home, Car, Boat, and Business • ATLANTIC MUTUAL • CENTENNIAL • 45 Wall Street, New York



*from Billy Casper's
golf clubs to
Mrs. Kowalski's Easter ham...*

so many good things come from Wilson.

Last year, National Open Champion Billy Casper was honored as PGA Player-of-the-Year. He was also the top money winner in official PGA tournaments, playing exclusively with Wilson Staff golf clubs and balls.

To Mrs. Kowalski, the Wilson name means something entirely different—Wilson's Certified Ham. It's the one and only Tender Made ham, so tender you can cut it with a fork.

Wilson also produces pharmaceuticals and chemicals that serve the Caspers, the Kowalskis and your family in many ways.

We are dedicated to making the Wilson name stand for the finest in a wide variety of products for nutrition, recreation and health.

Remember, you can rely on Wilson, the company so many good things come from.

WILSON & CO., INC.

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RELIGION

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Some 20th century radical movements have been founded in the name of Karl Marx, others in the name of Christ. But not many try to espouse the ideals of both. One of the rare exceptions is England's New Left Catholics, a coterie of Cambridge-educated intellectuals who advocate a social revolution that is both Communist and Christian. Not content to condemn capitalism as a moral evil, they also denounce the British Labor Party as the tired-blood expression of a bourgeois working class. In their view, the church is equally obsolescent in structure and needs to be seriously reconstructed if it is to share in organizing the revolution.

Not too surprisingly, Roman Catholic leaders take a dim view of New Left thinking. Last month the Master General of the Dominican order, Father Aniceto Fernandez, dismissed the leading theologian of the New Left, the Rev. Herbert McCabe, 40, as editor of the zesty Catholic monthly *New Blackfriars*. What triggered the firing was an editorial by McCabe in the magazine's February issue commenting on the defection of Theologian Charles Davis (*TIME*, Dec. 30). His charges that the church was "racked by fear" and dominated by authority rather than truth, said McCabe, "seem to be very well founded; the church is quite plainly corrupt." But McCabe added that it was the duty of Catholics to remain in the church and attempt to reform it.

Revolution from Within. Other New Left thinkers share McCabe's conviction that revolution must be accom-

plished from within. Their ranks include some of the church's most articulate young thinkers. Neil Middleton, 35, is director of the Catholic publishing house, Sheed & Ward Ltd. Brian Wicker, 37, a lecturer in English literature at Birmingham University, writes for the *Guardian*. Terence Eagleton, 24, an editor of the New Left periodical *Slant*, is a fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge. All these writers found a platform for their views in *New Blackfriars*, and their writings are beginning to circulate in the U.S. This month the University of Notre Dame Press is publishing Wicker's *Toward a Contemporary Christianity*.

The basic thesis of the New Left is that the world is in the midst of profound cultural and political changes and that the church should make sure that whatever society emerges is Christian in tone and outlook. To a man, its adherents admit to being followers of Karl Marx—not, they explain, the turgid economist of *Das Kapital*, but the youthful, philosophical Marx who protested against man's alienation in a dehumanized industrial society.

Absolute Liberty. Stronger on polemics than on practical solutions, the New Left Catholics envision a socialist society rooted in absolute liberty—which may be a contradiction in terms. Among their specific suggestions for reforming England are control of industry by the workers, abandonment of any nuclear deterrent. Within the church, they favor more democracy, including the election of bishops and more power for the laity in church affairs.

The movement has been harshly criticized by other intellectuals, both Catho-

lic and secular. Douglas Woodruff, editor of England's leading Catholic weekly, *The Tablet*, has dubbed the New Left thinkers "the church's Red Guards" and dismissed their Christian Marxism as "nelfarious nonsense." Cambridge's Raymond Williams, a radical, non-Christian socialist, notes a certain irony in the fact that the Catholic Left is espousing Marxism as an ideology precisely at a time when Communist governments in Eastern Europe are becoming more pragmatic. The Red Guards admit that they are open to criticism, but still insist that it is wiser for Catholics to move along with social change than to ignore it.

CHURCHES

Secular Sermons

"Many writers are far, far more relevant than Scripture" to contemporary man, says the Rev. Richard McFarland of Washington's Dumbarton Methodist Church. Accordingly, he is as likely to use a passage from Camus or Albee as a parable to bring home to his congregation an aspect of God's message. Well aware that pulpit time is dropout time for many churchgoers, more and more ministers are not only turning to secular sources as an inspiration for sermons but are trying more dramatic ways to vary the format of their preaching.

These days, a sermon is likely to start off with anything from a reference to *Peanuts* to a Bob Dylan song to a passage from Hugh Hefner's interminable *Playboy* philosophy. Dr. C. Edward Gammon of Farrington Presbyterian Church in Virginia, for example, intends to base his Easter sermon on Edward Albee's *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* Gammon's point: George and Martha's play-long dialogue about their nonexistent son suggests contemporary man's inability to distinguish fantasy from reality. The Rev. A. Cecil Williams of San Francisco's Glide Memorial Methodist Church uses movies and folk-rock songs as themes. Last year he related one sermon to a line from Fellini's *La Strada*—Anthony Quinn's complaint, "All I want is to be left alone." Williams then argued that this gruff individualism denies a basic fact of life, which is that men must be together.

Disposable Products. Ministers also use some surprising visual aids to get across a point in contemporary terms. One Sunday, the Rev. Lon Chestnut, Methodist chaplain at Emory University, projected illustrations from *Playboy* onto the chapel wall. His theme was that Christians should not treat other human beings in the *Playboy* manner, as disposable consumer products. On another Sunday, the congregation of Cincinnati's St. Timothy's Episcopal Church was startled when one parishioner got up to leave in the middle of the sermon by the Rev. John Wesley Bishop. "Why are you leaving?" Bishop asked. "Because you are talking about irrelevant things," the man answered. Bishop



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How to make the scene and find God.

then explained to his puzzled congregation that the incident had been carefully staged. He went on to make the real point of his sermon—namely, that the world will walk out on the church unless it is committed to acting upon man's real concerns.

Some ministers occasionally substitute movies, plays or poetry readings for conventional sermons. St. Clement's Episcopal Church, on the fringe of Broadway in Manhattan, frequently presents dramatic readings and even short playlets in place of sermons by its vicar, Father Eugene A. Monick. One Sunday, parishioners acted out a scene from Harold Pinter's *The Caretaker*. At another service, they put on a sketch about parish life, improbably called *The Dynamics of Inter-Cultural Encounter, or How I Split My Scene, Dropped My Frock, Blew My Cool and Found God*.

Clay & Cardboard. Sometimes the search for the dramatic effect skates disturbingly close to pulpit gimmickery. In Birmingham, Mich., for example, the Rev. Robert Marshall of the community's Unitarian church once passed out lumps of clay and cardboard to his congregation, told them to sculpt themselves. His point: to make them meditate on the theme "What am I?"

Inevitably, some conservative laymen may grumble at such unconventional approaches. But in a recent issue of *Christian Advocate* magazine, Stanley Rowland Jr., editorial director of the United Presbyterian Church, argues that the search for new themes and forms is no different from what Jesus did in "interpreting afresh the faith" for his generation. Whether churchgoers like it or not, he says, clergymen are attempting to translate "information about the Word into the lifetimes of the people." Any theme or technique that makes God's message a living reality, Rowland suggests, has a valid place in the preaching of the church.



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THE LAW

CRIMINAL JUSTICE

The Press in the Jury Box?

In 1947, the Supreme Court held that "what transpires in the courtroom is public property." By 1966, it had banned TV cameras and had deplored news reporting that posed "even the probability of unfairness." The change reflects growing concern over the kind of prejudicial publicity that might sway jurors, and influence convictions. Although the court has yet to work out an accommodation between the constitutional rights of free press and fair trial, lawyers are proposing crime-news curbs that leave the U.S. press agast. The press is now all but accusing the bar of yearning to imitate the British system of jailing errant editors for contempt.

In reversing Samuel Sheppard's murder conviction last June, the Supreme Court suggested that the bar and the police should button their own lips—thus silencing the key source of prejudicial news without curbing freedom of the press. But the press fears that even this will violate the "public's right to know" and foster "secret law enforcement" that shields lax or crooked police from press scrutiny. Fueling the fuss is the fact that the U.S. Judicial Conference, which recommends rules for federal courts, will soon weigh possible crime-news curbs that might later be adopted by state courts.

Inadmissible Evidence. Skeptics may well ask: Is prejudicial reporting really a problem? After all, only about 10% of U.S. criminal defendants plead not guilty and stand trial. Only a fraction get into the newspapers: from 1955 to 1965, U.S. papers devoted only 3% of their space to crime news. Americans believe that publicity is vital to justice; the press has often dug up evidence that exonerated as well as implicated defendants. Inflammatory reporting is on the wane. Even if it recurs, the Supreme Court's Sheppard decision ordered trial judges to combat it with long available devices. They should hold pretrial hearings in private, grant continuances and changes of venue, select jurors from distant localities, sequester jurors to make sure that they do not read papers and magazines, listen to radio or watch TV—and readily grant mistrials when they do.

Even so, many lawyers argue that such controls do not get at the key flaw in the system, which is unchallenged chatter that hits print between arrest and trial. Elaborate trial rules permit jurors to hear admissible evidence subject to searching cross-examination; the whole system is subverted when the press fills jurors' heads with inadmissible evidence—prior criminal records, rumored confessions, "flunked" lie-detector tests, a police chief's claim that "we got the right man." Some prosecutors announce indictments with un-

forgettable declarations of guilt. Defense lawyers then counter with vivid rebuttals—all of which may be read by prospective jurors.

Most Dangerous. Last fall a "tough" proposal was advanced by the American Bar Association's advisory committee on fair trial and free press, chaired by Justice Paul C. Reardon of the Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court. Hitting the bar and the police rather than the press, the committee called on all U.S. courts to adopt new rules forbidding police, prosecutors, defense lawyers and judicial employees to make any out-of-court statement going beyond a bare description of the crime and the charges.

The blackout would extend from arrest to verdict (often years). Defense attorneys, prosecutors and police would be subject to contempt proceedings.

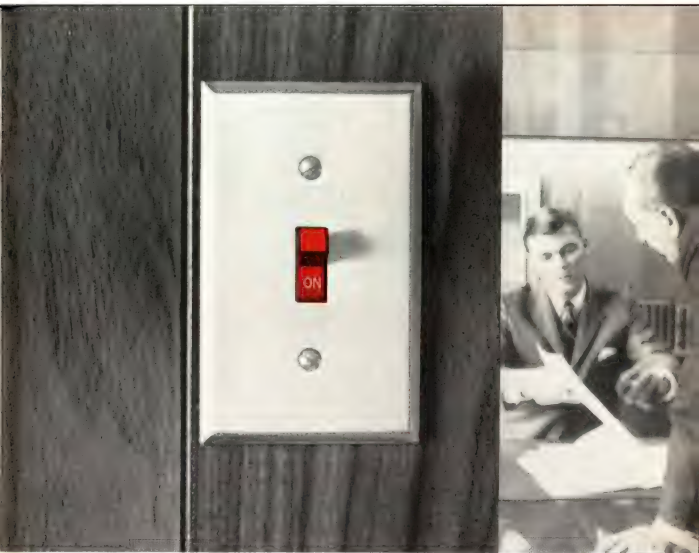


JUDGE MEDINA

Rejecting judicial censorship.

Most alarming to the press, the committee argued that during a jury trial (though not before) the same contempt proceedings should be invoked against anyone else who makes an out-of-court statement that is "reasonably calculated to affect the outcome of the trial and seriously threatens to have such an effect." That could include newsmen. Editors and even judges bristled at the A.B.A. plan. Judge George C. Edwards of the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Sixth Circuit called it "the most dangerous threat to American ideals of free speech and press since the days of Joe McCarthy."

Soft Approach. Equally upset was 79-year-old Judge Harold R. Medina of the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit, who chairs the New York City bar association's fair-trial committee. Medina's group has now issued its own report calling for a "soft" approach that rejects pretrial court control over both the press and the police



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by means of contempt or any other form of "judicial censorship." Medina urged hands off the press, strictly voluntary codes of police silence, and only a tightened canon of ethics that would put the possible suspension or disbarment of talkative prosecutors and defense lawyers primarily in the hands of local bar associations—not courts. Where the press is concerned, Medina pointed out that the Supreme Court has repeatedly voided convictions for contempt by publication, holding that it must present a "clear and present danger" to court proceedings.

As for police, Medina argued that courts have "absolutely no control" over them because they belong to the executive branch of government. Other judges disagree: police are widely considered an integral part of the administration of justice. The Supreme Court's famous *Mallory* rule commands federal police to bring suspects promptly before U.S. commissioners. In *Mapp* (1961), *Escobedo* (1964) and *Miranda* (1966), the court in effect ordered all American police to maintain certain standards on pain of losing their evidence. Last week Los Angeles Superior Court Judge Alfred Gittelson ordered all local police and prosecutors to obey an A.B.A.-style code of pretrial silence. He simply called them "ministers of justice."

A Little Give? Many lawyers applaud Medina's voluntary approach with its passionate defense of the First Amendment and its main reliance on a toughening of the A.B.A.'s Canon 20, which has rarely if ever been enforced since it was written in 1908 to prevent lawyers from publicly discussing pending cases. Unhappily for Medina's hopes, Canon 20 may be a frail reed: all efforts to reform it over the past decade have failed. Reform seems more likely by the imposition of court rules, even though Medina called it "unwise."

Worse for Medina, the American Society of Newspaper Editors has already denounced even his voluntary police code as "unduly restrictive" and unconstitutional. The militant Chicago Tribune protests even the *Sheppard*-style courtroom rules imposed by Judge Herbert C. Pashen in the current trial of Richard Speck. Last week the paper won a temporary stay from the Illinois Supreme Court of Pashen's refusal to release transcripts of testimony given in the courtroom until after the trial. The U.S. Supreme Court may take a different stand.

If the press refuses to give an inch, the odds favor new court rules that will wind up somewhere between the Medina and the A.B.A. plans. If the rules are not tough enough, the Supreme Court will inevitably get a bad case of prejudicial news coverage one of these days and perhaps restrict press sources even more. Medina clearly feels that the press should give the inch. Said he last week: "Frankly, I think those people don't know who their friends are."

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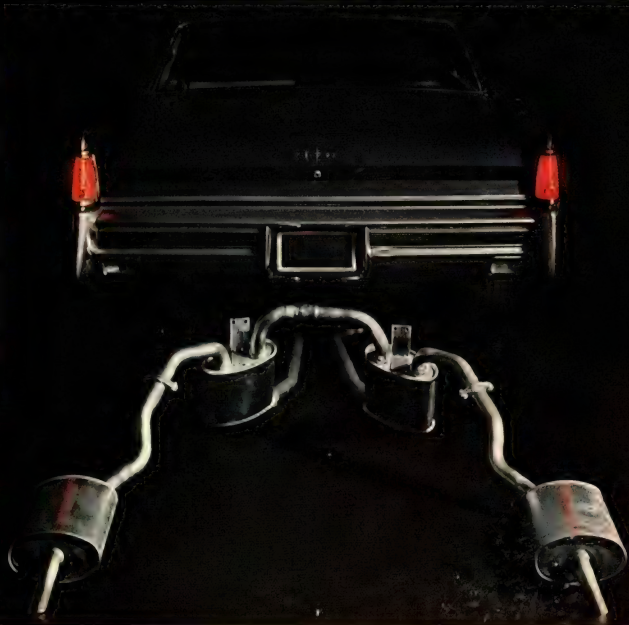
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SOMMER IN "MALE"
Cur into wolf.

Bulldog HumDrummond

Deadlier than the Male. Bulldog Drummond has led a charmed life, alas. In the early '20s, when he first came to public attention in the novels of Sapper (H. C. McNeile), he was an overblown Blimp who hated "Bolshies" and took peculiar pleasure in flogging "Hebrews." In 1929, the cur was portrayed by Ronald Colman as a sort of honey Holmes—a friendly legal beagle who spent more time rolling his big sad eyes at the lady customers than he did hounding the villain. In *Deadlier than the Male*, the adaptable Drummond shows up as the type of sleuth who happens to be in style; the beagle is redecorated as a wavy-haired wolf (Richard Johnson).

His adversaries have undergone some renovations too. In the first Drummond adventure, Irma was described as a sultry brunette who spoke in silent-movie captions ("Mon Dieu, you ugly man! Tell me why you are such a fool!"). In this film, she is introduced as the svelte blonde secretary of an oil magnate who maintains his executive offices in a private jetliner. "Your cigar, sir," murmurs Irma (Elke Sommer), as she extracts a plump Corona from her ruffled cigar. The boss lights up, draws deep, looks faintly startled as the cigar explodes a .38 slug that rips through the back of his throat and severs his spine.

Britain's Bulldog picks up the lady's scent when she arrives in London to collect her fee from the late magnate's chief competitors. She offers him a cigar; this time it is too slow on the draw, and Drummond tails her to a rendezvous with her boss, the inevitable master criminal. In his previous incarnations, Carl Petersen was presented as a fiend "whose inhuman calm acted on Drummond like a cold douche"; in this film, he is introduced as an Oifinger

CINEMA

(Nigel Green) who extorts a tribute of terror from the big petroleum cartels.

In the last reel, Drummond destroys the nasty fellow and his felonious female assistant with the aid of a booby-trapped hairpiece and a colossal computer-controlled chess set. The kids may welcome all this automated mayhem; the oldtimers will simply conclude that poor old Bulldog has lost his bite.

The Misfortune Cookie

The Corrupt Ones is an overequipped assembly-line job that should have been recalled for faulty design. Everything about it is excessive, from the profusion of villains to the constantly plunging necklines of the heroine, whose contours help turn the movie into another (Elke) Sommer festival.

Robert Stack, a freelance photographer on the loose in Red China, stumbles onto the secret of a long-buried treasure. Once back in Macao, he develops a case of justifiable paranoia when he is set upon by a chic Chinese princess (Nancy Kwan) who keeps sticking out her tongue at him. Following this he is mugged and bugged by a vicious racketeer (Christian Marquand) and an avaricious police inspector.

Giving his customary plywood performance, Stack proves impervious to beatings, as well as to the entreaties of a bevy of stacked courtesans who try to vamp him out of the secret. His taste, it turns out, is strictly Occidental, and when he shares the discovery with Elke she flashes her smile and her décolletage and helps him uncover the loot. To no avail: the riches finally go into the Red when Mao's minions gun down the princess and the racketeer and force the inspector back to the West.

Director James Hill does what he can to keep this misfortune cookie from crumbling, but the film's main failing is the drawback to most Oriental fare: Two hours afterward, the viewer is likely to be hungry for another movie.



STACK & KWAN IN "CORRUPT"
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WELCH & RICHARDSON IN "B.C."
Rock meets Shell.

The Yawn of Mankind

One Million Years B.C. is a gaudier and bawdier copy of a prehistoric (1940) Hollywood epic about life at the yawn of prehistoric mankind. This time it is in color by Deluxe, but once again, the sound track consists of groan-up dialogue that could have been pre-recorded at a pet shop. Just as in the original, the special-effects man creates a table-top monster rally that comes to a clumsy climax in a duel between a triceratops and an allosaurus—the least exciting rematch since the second Clay-Liston fight.

The picture follows a plot line more primitive than its subject. In a cavern, in a canyon dwells the Rock tribe, whose idea of a big time is letting a vulture carry on with grandpaw's carrion. Lowbrow-beaten by his father, and pushed off a cliff by a dribbling sibling, young Tumak (John Richardson) rebels and goes into the caveman business for himself. Eventually, he stumbles across the Shell people, a group in a more advanced state of civilization, as evidenced by their stone-headed spears and the pneumatic uplift of Raquel Welch's deerskin halter.

Both tribes resent the ensuing romance between Rock boy and Shell girl and promptly start exorcising each other's civil rites. As in many out-door pictures, the final referee is nature, played this time by an erupting volcano that pours lava all over the screen. Next morning the chastened survivors rise to found a civilization that will culminate in miniskirts and movies that mock themselves.

To its credit, 20th Century-Fox has chosen not to take the film seriously. Instead, the ads luridly announce "Raquel Welch wearing mankind's first bikini." That is not a thing to be sneezed at (or in), but worth considerably less than a second Million.

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BLACK IS BEST by Jack Olsen. 255 pages. Putnam. \$4.95.

In the past seven years, Cassius Marcellus Clay Jr. has fought 28 of the best-publicized fights in boxing history. Some of his victims were stiff, but most of them were decidedly more skilled than Clay's critics would admit. Nobody today denies that he is a superb boxer, but Clay himself beclouded that fact long ago in a great golden haze of self-generated mythology about his life outside the ropes—his ridiculous, irreverent verses, his portentous prophe-

clown that the Champ's fans know and loathe so well. The father, says Olsen, is a tiny, mercurial man "whose arguments take the form of loud outbursts accompanied by agitated wavings of the arms; he stutters and swallows and backs up and repeats and runs into the bathroom to spit. He has no speech defect except an uncontrollable urge to be heard right now." The Clays have had a stormy marriage, and most family members believe that their battles, which often were refereed at the local police precinct in Louisville, contributed to young Cassius' wavering hold on his emotions. Today, mother and father hold court in a trim bungalow in Louisville. In the

at the Rome Olympics, he went home and painted the front stoop red, white and blue. With his first professional victories, he began supporting a huge retinue of funkies led by his adoring younger brother Rudy. With his conversion to the Black Muslim brotherhood, the retinue expanded to include any Negro with the gall to pass himself off as a Muslim. Duties in the Clay club of sycophants are simple: in return for a free room here or a \$100 ringside seat there, all that is required is to applaud the Champ's incoherent ravings on race and his puerile dirty jokes, and to sit quietly when he telephones his mother and spouts out an endless stream of babyhood reminiscences to her.

There is yet another Cassius, hardly more stable but decidedly more appealing. In Rome, when a Soviet reporter jeered that Clay's new fame would not buy him a seat in any Louisville restaurant, Cassius retorted: "At least I ain't fighting alligators and living in a mud hut!" He had a crush on Olympic Sprinter Wilma Rudolph, who didn't respond. In his strait-laced fashion, he married a cocktail waitress and tried to get her to adopt Muslim ways, but it didn't take; he charged in his divorce suit last year that her slacks were too tight. And in his peculiar, affecting way, Clay childishly dreams of lovely Edens: "The type of house I like would be all glass on the front and on one side, like those modern motels you see—Holiday Inns, and I want nothing but *goonoooooold* carpets. When the average person walks in it'll be like being in heaven, dreamland. My children will be born in the hereafter."

That dream, like the elder Clay's vision of Clay Kitchens strewn around the country, stems from the one rocklike purpose to which Cassius set himself long ago: the achievement of total invincibility. Once he explained to a newsman who asked how it was that the Champ had never drifted into juvenile delinquency, "Kids used to throw rocks and stand under the streetlights," he said, "but there wasn't nothing to do in the streets. I tried it a little bit, but wasn't nothing else to do but the boxing." He still feels that way.

Polyperse

APPLESAUCE by June Arnold. 240 pages. McGraw-Hill. \$4.95.

A great many writers nowadays are hung up on the psychological-fantasy novel. Their common theme is not so much alienated man as the phenomenon of what might be called the polyperse—the several conflicting personalities in a single character. Unafraid, Virginia Woolf was one of the pioneers of the form; in *Orlando*, the hero starts out as a man and winds up as woman. More recently, John Fowles' *The Magus* dealt with a girl who was possibly 1) a ghost, 2) a nymphomaniac, 3) an actress, or 4) twins. Peter Israel's *The Hen's House* is filled with shifting symbolic identities, and Alain Robbe-Grillet's *La Maison de Rendez-vous* is peopled with so many



RUDY, CASSIUS, ODESSA & CASSIUS CLAY SR.
"We can sell advertisements later."

cies, his jazzy clothes, his religion, his wife, the draft board that he dodges as agilely as he ducks a left jab.

With all that, Clay can take credit for having doublebanded led boxing out of its racket-infested ignominy. In 1950, total gate receipts in the U.S. had dropped to a nadir of \$4,000,000. Thanks to the class that Clay has brought back to the game, the take in 1966 was nearly \$11 million.

All of which still leaves a lot of questions about the Clay in street clothes. In this sharp-eyed biography, *SINUS* ILLUSTRATED Writer Jack Olsen succeeds with the formidable challenge and produces a portrait of the man that actually makes sense.

Rave On, Samson! Cassius is seen most revealingly in the pages on the Champ's parents. His mother Odessa calls him Gee Gee, in honor of Cassius' first words. An unruffled mistress of the house, she shouts down her husband by yelling, "Rave on, Samson!" Cassius' determined will and his unwavering discipline are strictly the work of Odessa.

From Cassius Sr. comes the sideshow

driveway stand two castoff Cadillacs from Cassius, "His" and "Hers." Odessa still tries to keep a semblance of cool around the house, while Old Cassius tromps around thinking up ideas for commercial schemes—food endorsements, perhaps a nationwide chain of "Clay's Kitchens" or "Clay's Whatnot Shops."

"We're gonna make a lot of money in advertising," says Cassius Sr. "You know, endorsements? So we don't want to spoil that by giving away the names of foods he ate, things he drank. So we'll just say in his life story, 'I believe he was born champion, waiting to be cultivated. And one great cultivation was Pet Milk.'" Mother Clay interrupts. "No, no. We won't name the milk, we'll just say, 'the milk his mother gave him.' Then we can sell advertisements to them later."

Goonoooooold Carpets. Son Cassius showed the Clay spirit in 1960 when, after winning the gold medal for boxing

After Clay won Olympic gold medal in 1960.

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JUNE ARNOLD

Freud in a wearing blender.

polyperses that the reader has to heat them off with a stick.

Comforted by Affluence. Marriage is the frequent setting for these identity crises. The housewife sees it as a den of snakes, resents childbirth, old age, her husband's masculinity (or lack of it), the act of love, a male universe, and possibly George Washington's birthday. The husband is comforted neither by apples, affluence, martinis, the Democrats, nor a dead God. The partners turn inward—defeated by teeny-boppers, Red China, polluted air, Kinsey's statistics, retreating hairlines, wash day, the office bastard, a pot-smoking son, Leda's swan, the snows of yesteryear. They devour each other and emerge as One, shrieking. It is better to have loved and flipped than never to have loved at all.

What all this can lead to is somewhat frighteningly illustrated by *Applesauce*, a first novel by June Arnold, a 40-year-old South Carolina divorcee. Putting the required and wearsome ingredients in her wearing blender, she mixed Freud, lunacy, imagery, symbolism and convoluted time. It came out something like this:

There is this fella Gus Ferrarri, whose wife is three people: Eloise ("round and sensual"), Rebecca ("wiry"), and Lila ("boneless"). Gus is 45, a 32nd-degree schizo who does not venture outside his New York apartment for 30 months; he is building a room within a room to become "the inside of his own skin." His three-year-old son asks him: "You're Mommy, aren't you?" The answer: "No. Your mommy is dead. Understand that!"

... All the mommies are dead. I am a monster who makes all the mommies die: I am a mommy-murdering monster, do you hear?" To his mirrored image: "I am simply trying to discover who I am—in the abstract sense."

What Color Brain? If there really was an Eloise, she drove off a bridge to her death. If there really was a Rebecca, she either committed suicide by drowning or the sharks ate her. If there

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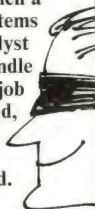
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was a Lila, she climbed an apple tree and fell to her death. And if there really was a Gus, he was a psychological basket case: "I did relate emotionally. I have no idea what color his brain was . . . He had green eyes and a face of shifting flesh, and a name something like Charlie." Or maybe Eloise or Rebecca or Lila.

In a lucid moment, Author Arnold explains on the dust jacket that "the marrieds are like apples. Some shed their peel, that they may be closer. Others keep their peel but sacrifice their core on the altar of love. Some can live this way. Some—like Gus—are reduced to applesauce." In the abstract sense, right?

Playwrights in Print

I DON'T NEED YOU ANY MORE by Arthur Miller. 240 pages. Viking. \$5.

THE KNIGHTLY QUEST by Tennessee Williams. 183 pages. New Directions. \$5.50.

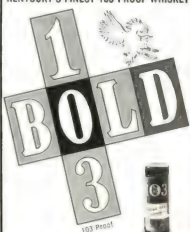
Short-story collections have such notoriously poor sales records that U.S. publishers bring them out under a kind of duress. Either they are anxious to get an option on the first novel of a promising new writer or they are even more anxious to keep a bestselling novelist or playwright happy.

These two books clearly belong in the second category. In the U.S., writes Playwright Arthur Miller in his foreword, short stories are "ranked more or less as casual things at the lower end of the scale of magnitude, like bungalows in the architectural world." Then why bother? Miller supplies his own answer: The short story is a form in which a writer can be as concise as his subject requires him to be. For a playwright, he says, the short story offers "a vessel for those feelings which, unelaborated, are truer, and yet for one reason or another do not belong on a stage."

Bandy-Legged Tough. Though written over a period of 15 years, Miller's tales have a certain unity, concerned as they are with that incessant search for identity common to so many American writers. The title story is a discursive account of a momentous day in the life of a precocious five-year-old. *The Mix-fits* is the cow-country ballad about obsessed horse hunters that later became a celebrated movie starring Marilyn Monroe, Clark Gable and Montgomery Clift. One of the best stories, *Fitter's Night*, has a sibling relationship to Miller's 1955 Broadway play, *A View from the Bridge*. It describes the life and hilarious hard times of Tony Calabrese, shipfitter in the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

Tony is a bandy-legged tough guy, a graduate of "skyscraper construction, brewers repairing, and for eight months the City Department of Water Supply, until it was discovered that he had been sending a substitute on Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Fridays while he went to the track and made some money." In Miller's phrase, these stories may all be bungalows, but they have striking in-

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Homo Hero. Tennessee Williams' stories are less successful. This is especially true of Williams' grotesque title story, a long, long fable that is intended to be a parody of spy thrillers and introduces its readers to debonair Gewinner Pearce, a homosexual Superman. Of the remaining four stories, the best is *Mau Bring This Up Road*, a chilling confrontation between a hickory-hard, female old moneybags and an aging, importunate beach boy—which provided the theme for Williams' 1963 flop play, *The Milk Train Doesn't Stop Here Anymore*.

Arthur Miller's arguments notwithstanding, the crafts of the stage and the short story are entirely distinct: the difference between someone telling a quiet anecdote and someone engaging in a public debate. Only a few writers have managed both with equal felicity, among them Chekhov and Maugham. Such fiction practitioners as Saul Bellow, John O'Hara and Norman Mailer have had little success at playwriting. With the direction reversed, Miller and Williams at least make a better showing.

Colonial Ritual

THE THORN TREES by John McIntosh. 183 pages. Harcourt, Brace & World. \$4.50.

This novel by a Rhodesian school-teacher and ex-newspaperman demonstrates with a special horror how white civilization can fail in the face of the white man's degeneracy and corruption. The bush, the prickly pear and the thorn trees are creeping back over the paddocks of Sherwood Ranch, a once-prosperous farm in African "territory" on the edge of the Kalahari Desert. It is presumably in Bechuanaland, being



JOHN MCINTOSH
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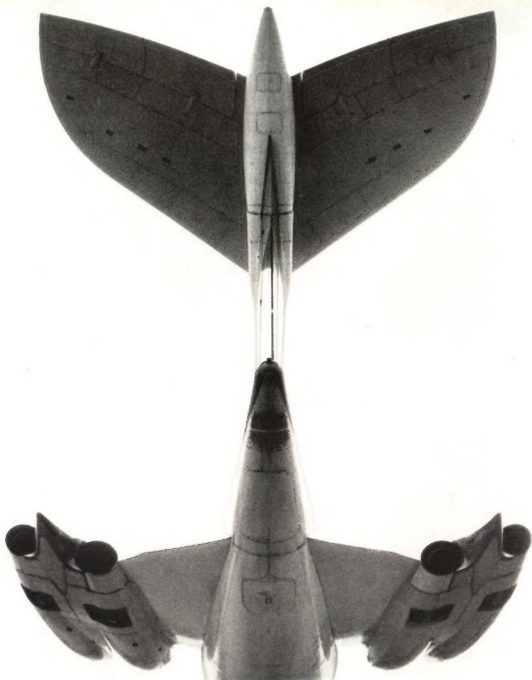
On Channel 11, April 25-29

also north of Kipling's "great grey-green, greasy Limpopo River," and whatever its political future, a colonist would probably do better on the moon.

Brandy at Sundown. A generation ago, it had seemed possible that the original pioneer settler, a Scot named Ferris, might have made an outpost of civilization in this ill-favored wilderness. He had cleared the bush, trained the natives in animal husbandry and domestic service, imported the piano, the chandelier, the stone lions at the stoep, wine glasses and even books. In the hands of Ferris' son, a potbellied boor named Archie, things fall apart—both literally and figuratively. The piano sinks through the termite-ridden floor, the chandelier is unlit, the glasses are broken, the cattle die of foot-and-mouth disease, and one of the lions is decapitated by one of the characters in a fit of rage. Colonial *cafard*—suffocating apathy—has set in. Nevertheless, Archie keeps up the forms of the settler's life. It is a gruesome parody of colonial ritual. There is tennis every afternoon with his daughter, after which they sit for the "sundowner" before dinner, served by a "boy" in a sashed uniform. But the tennis court has no lines, the "sundowner" is sickening peach brandy bootlegged by Dutch neighbors, the dinner comes out of cans, and the servants—sensing an abdication—are insultingly incompetent.

It is the blacks-on-the-rise who provide the cruel counterpoint of white degeneration. The "boy" leaves for a job in the post office, a motorscooter, and a sharp suit of store clothes on credit; the kitchen "girl," brooding on mail-order creams to lighten the skin and straighten the hair, achieves status and pregnancy by sleeping with the white "buss." On this level, integration makes a mess of both races. Archie Ferris expresses liberal sentiments toward the blacks: in practice, his enlightened principles are expressed by going on a three-day drunk with his ex-servant, who rides off with a hangover—and the chandelier. Thus Novelist McIntosh points up his pessimistic theorem about the future of Africa. The blacks will inherit nothing of value from association with the whites, who will themselves be corrupted.

Desert of Failure. The terrain itself is the real villain of the novel. The "territory" is a dreadful place of waterless rivers where turtles encrust a rock like scabs, and the "so-oopwha wind" reddens the sky with sandstorms. The only hope for anyone in such a place is to get away from it. Feebly, Ferris' daughter tries to escape, but, though beautiful, she is dim-witted and can't pass the exams that might get her a city job. The place is too much for her; the jackals and the thorn trees have won, she wails. Novelist McIntosh provides a merciful if not happy ending for the girl, but it is one that is not so credible as his palpably evoked desert of failure that withers her life.



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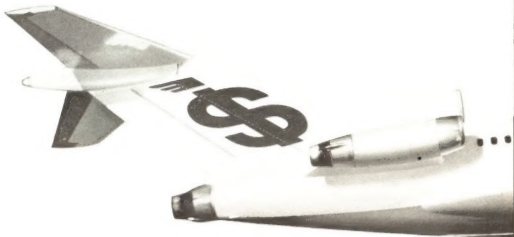
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